The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers the interesting collection of illustrations contained in the special double number devoted to the Brontës, we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. J. J. Stead, of Heckmondwike, Hon. Treasurer of the Brontë Society, for placing at our disposal his excellent collection of Brontë photographs; to Mr. Clement K. Shorter for facilities kindly afforded; to Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. for permission to reproduce illustrations from their Haworth Edition of the Life and Works of the Brontës; to Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co. for three drawings by F. H. Townsend; to Mr. G. Harrop for a portrait of M. Héger; and to Messrs. Blackie and Son for an illustration from their edition of "Jane Eyre."

We hear that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has written for the Christmas number of the *Strand Magazine* the last adventure of the famous Sherlock Holmes which he will ever chronicle. It is said to be "The Adventure of the Second Stain," which we think has already been alluded to by Dr. Watson as one of the supreme moments of Holmes' career.

Hope Palma.
The heroine of Mr. John Oxenham's new novel, "Hearts in Exile," reviewed in another column.

Mr. Percival Landon, who represented the *Times* with the Lhassa expedition, has now returned home, and is said to be busy writing an account of his experiences.

Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, "The Prodigal Son," will be published simultaneously in the early days of November in England, America, Germany, France, Holland, Denmark, Finland, and Sweden. Italian and Spanish translations are also in contemplation.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has transferred the publication of his "Departmental Ditties" from Messrs. Newnes to Messrs. Methuen, and the latter firm will publish a new edition of the book early next month. The new edition will be uniform with "Barrack Room Ballads," "The Seven Seas," and "The Five Nations."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is at work on a Life of Dickens. He is also, we understand, arranging a volume of poems for the press.

Messrs. Longmans are about to republish Mr. Balfour's British Association Address in pamphlet form, uniform with his "Economic Notes."

Mr. William Le Queux is busy

Mr. James Douglas,
The well-known critic, whose biography of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton is to be issued shortly.

writing a new story, which is to appear as a serial in *Cassell's Magazine* prior to its publication in book-form.

We are glad to hear that the manuscript of "The Survey of London" was in such a complete state when Sir Walter Besant died that his executors do not now anticipate any difficulty in arranging for the completion of the whole work as originally planned by the author. There will probably be another five volumes in addition to the three already issued.

Mr. S. R. Crockett, who has been travelling with his family in Switzerland, has now returned home.

Mr. Morley Roberts' new novel, to be entitled "Lady Penelope," will be published by Messrs. F. V. White and Co. during the autumn season.

Madame Albanesi is at work on a serial commissioned by *The Queen*, the first instalment of which will appear in January. The story will run simultaneously in an Australian periodical, and will be published next year in book-form by Messrs. Methuen. The same author, who has just placed another serial with a leading weekly paper, has also on hand a series of short stories for the *Tatler*, and some articles for the *Daily Chronicle*.

It is interesting to know that some of the documents on which Mr. Max Pemberton founded his very striking romance, "Beatrice of Venice," which is reviewed on another page, were discovered by him in a dusty old box in the shop of Mr. Edwards in Marylebone Road. Having searched all London for an exact account of the correspondence between Napoleon and the Venetian Senate, Mr. Max Pemberton discovered it in a pamphlet published in 1804 lying in an old packing case over which he stumbled when looking at Mr. Edwards' shelves. Mr. Pemberton declares this was the most remarkable experience he has ever had, for he just stooped down to see what the top book was, and, lo, it was the complete account of Napoleon's dealings with Venice.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new book, "The Road in Tuscany," is to appear almost immediately. It is to be profusely illustrated from drawings by Joseph Pennell.

Messrs. Isbister and Co. will publish immediately "The Gospel and the Church," by Abbé Loisy. The work, which in its original form created so much heated controversy in France, is divided into six sections:—"The Source of Gospel," "The Kingdom of Heaven," "The Son of God," "The Church," "Christian Dogma," and "Catholic Worship."

Mrs. Edith Wharton's new book will be a collection of her remarkably attractive articles on Italian Villas that she has contributed from time to time to the *Century*. The volume will be lavishly illustrated in colour by Maxfield Parrish.

It is stated that Ibsen is putting the finishing touches to a new play, in which he will expound his views on war. He will express opinions that are diametrically opposed to those of Tolstoy, and will attempt to prove his belief that conflicts between nations are useful and even necessary for the development of the human species, because they sustain idea of discipline, courage, will, and personal action.

Mr. J. J. Bell's first long novel, "Jess and Co.," will be published in a few weeks. It will contain fifty illustrations from the pen of A. S. Boyd. "Jess and Co." promises to be one of the most successful novels of the autumn season, and those who have read it in serial form are confident that it is the most ambitious and at the same time most successful work that Mr. Bell has yet attempted.

Mrs. Cale Young Rice's new book, which will be issued next spring, is entitled "Sandy." It will be as long again as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

It is good news that Anthony Hope is returning to his "Zenda" style in the new story to which he is now putting finishing touches.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs' new book, "Dialstone Lane," is to be published this month by Messrs. Geo. Newnes, Ltd. It deals in the author's well-known humorous

The Rydings, Birstall,
At one time the home of Miss Ellen Nussey.

Photos J. J. Stead.

Norton Conyers,
the Seat of Sir Reginald Graham.

The Rydings, Birstall, and Norton Conyers, near Ripon, make up the Thornfield Hall of "Jane Eyre." The description of the exterior is taken from the former, that of the interior from the latter.

style with a story of buried treasure, and the efforts of three middle-aged gentlemen to recover it. Mr. Jacobs' future plans include long stories as well as short, and possibly an attempt at another play.

Miss Mary Cholmondeley is engaged on a long novel, which is to be completed in the course of next year for publication in 1906.

The lectures and essays by the late Rev. Alfred Ainger, M.A., D.D., which have been collected into a volume by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., and are to appear shortly, will include, amongst other literary subjects, essays on Chaucer and Shakespeare.

Messrs. A. and C. Black will publish this autumn "The Thackeray Country," by Mr. Lewis Melville. A portion of the work is to appear in the *English Illustrated Magazine.*

Mr. G. B. Burgin's new book, "The Hermit of Bonneville," to be published by Mr. Grant Richards on the 14th inst., is a French Canadian story, dealing with the efforts of an arbitrary old Seigneur to retrieve his shattered fortunes by marrying his ward, who prefers the hero, a somewhat saturnine person, doing penance in the lonely Bush for sins of omission and commission. The book, which is a close study of habitant life, is dedicated to Dr. Robertson Nicoll. It will be followed next spring by "The Marble City."

Next year Mr. Burgin leaves England for a three months' trip in the Rockies in search of fresh material, after the appearance of "The Belles of Vaudroy" in serial form. Owing to the confusion which has arisen between "The Land of Silence" and "The Shutters of Silence," the former will be republished next spring under a fresh title, with an explanatory note. The latter has already passed its thirtieth thousand in America.

Mr. John Long will publish shortly a new novel by Mr. William Le Queux. The book was originally announced as "Both of this Parish." As this title has been already used, the novel is now to be called "The Mask."

Mrs. Coulson Kernahan's new novel, to be issued shortly by Mr. John Long, will be entitled "The Fate of Felix."

The book of broad humour seems still to enjoy a very large measure of popularity in the United States. Among the best selling books at present are, "Being Done Good"; an account of a rheumatic's experiences with the doctors and fakirs who promised to do him good, and "Sequil, or Things which ain't Finished in the First," by Henry A. Shute, a sequel to "The Diary of a Real Boy," which had a great success a year or two back. We rather like the suggestion of one of the critics of "Being Done Good," that it is a pity that more of our writers do not suffer from rheumatism, but we should hardly describe a book which contains such very thin humour as the following as "an unbroken series of cachinnations."

"Sept. 7th, 186—.—Gosh, what do you think, last night father and mother and me and Keene and Cele and Aunt Sarak was sitting at supper when father, he sed i am going to read your diry tonite. Gosh i was scart for i hadent wrote ennything in it for a long time, so after supper i went over to mister Watsons and asked him if he dident want to see father and he sed he wood and i went home and told father mister Watson wanted him to come over jest as quick as he cood and father went over. I knew father woodent ever think of it agen."

The volume of naval reminiscences by Admiral Schley, which Messrs. Appleton have published under the title "Forty-Five Years under the Flag," promises to be one of the most popular volumes of biography to be issued this autumn in the United States.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish this month a new Anglo-Indian novel, entitled "The After Cost," by K. M. Edge, author of "Ahana."

A volume of stories by F. Frankfort Moore, dealing with the supernatural, is to be issued shortly by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. The title, which is not yet decided, will probably be "The Other World." The same publisher has in the press a Christmas story by Tom Gallon, entitled "The Golden Thread."

The eagerly awaited biography of the late Hugh

Mr. Barry Pain.

Whose latest book, "Lindley Kays," has just been issued by Messrs. Methuen. A review appears in another column.

Price Hughes by his daughter will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in one handsome volume, price 12s. It will be ready in November.

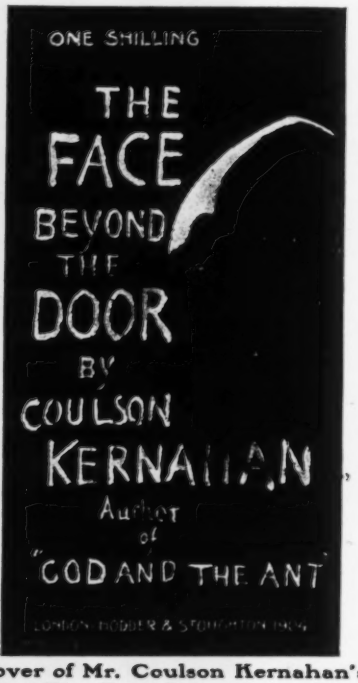
"John Bunyan," by W. Hale White, the new volume in the Literary Lives Series, will be issued in a few days. It will be profusely illustrated.

An important work on "The History of Education in the United States," by Edwin Grant Dexter, Ph.D., has made its appearance under the auspices of the Macmillan Co. A special interest attaches to the publication of this book at the present moment on account of the reports of the Moseley Commission, which were issued two or three months back. The book, which might perhaps be more appropriately termed a chronicle than a history, is essentially institutional.

The same firm has brought out a translation in an abridged form of the "History of Greek Literature," published in five volumes, by Alfred and Maurice Croiset. The work has been done by Mr. George F. Heffelbower.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Sainte Beuve is to be celebrated in December. Sainte Beuve's unpublished correspondence with Madame Olivier, the Swiss poet, will be issued towards the end of the year.

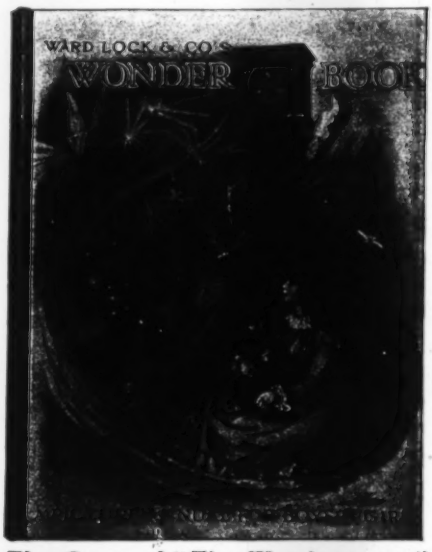
It is rather a curious coincidence that Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's story, "In the Closed Room," and Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "They," are both appearing in magazines about the same time. Both deal with the inexpressible mystery of childhood touched by the real or



The Cover of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's new book, "The Face Beyond the Door."

imaginary influences of the spirit world. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish "In the Closed Room" very shortly. It will be illustrated in colours.

Mr. Stephen Phillips' new poetical drama, entitled "The Sin of David," which, however, does not deal



The Cover of "The Wonder Book,"
A new Picture Annual published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd.

with a biblical subject, will be ready for publication in good time this season.

The first volume of the new edition of the Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay is to be published this month by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. The work, which is to be edited by Charlotte Francis Barrett, with a preface and notes by Austin Dobson, will be completed in six monthly volumes.

To those few persons who understand the details of the publishing trade, perhaps the most interesting occurrence of the past month has been the fact that Mrs. Thurston's story, "John Chilcote, M.P.," has been running simultaneously in *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Daily Mail*. A writer who can hold the readers, cultivated yet comparatively not numerous, of *Blackwood*, and also appeal to the vast public that watches eagerly for each daily instalment of the *Mail's* serial, possesses a very rare combination of qualities. "John Chilcote" appears here in volume form immediately, and early in October it will be issued in America by the Harpers, in whose *Bazaar*—again, read by a public entirely distinct in kind from the readers either of *Blackwood's* or the *Daily Mail*—its serial issue has attracted an unusual degree of attention, under the title of "The Masquerader." Mrs. Thurston has devoted her summer in Ireland to the writing of the earlier portions of her third book, which she hopes to complete during the coming winter. Its serial appearance, next summer, will be simultaneous in England and in the United States.

Mr. G. B. McCutcheon, whose novels "Graustark" and "Castle Craneycrow" have had enormous sales in the United States, is to publish this autumn a sequel

"Preposterous Stuff! Indecorous! Unwomanly!"

From a Drawing by F. H. Townsend. **SHIRLEY.**

"'Take care, madam!'
"'Scrupulous care I will take, Mr. Sympson. Before I marry, I am resolved to esteem—to admire—to *love*.'
"'Preposterous stuff! indecorous! unwomanly!'"—"Shirley."

(Reproduced from "Shirley" by kind permission of Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co.)

to his first great success, entitled "Beverley of Graustark."

"Old Gorgon Graham," the sequel to G. H. Lorimer's "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son," promises to be one of the largest selling books in the world this autumn. Arrangements have been made for nine separate editions to be published simultaneously in all parts of the world.

"The World War," a translation of August Niemann's "Der Weltkrieg," which has just been published in Leipzig, and is selling in great numbers throughout Germany, is to be issued in this country very shortly. It will undoubtedly cause something of a sensation. Herr Niemann is a very serious and enthusiastic German patriot. The time of his story is about 1910, and he imagines that Mr. Balfour is still Prime Minister of England. Russia, happily recovered from the effect of her war with Japan, joins France and Germany to destroy the world power of England. With wonderfully little effort this alliance is brought about. A Russian army sweeps by way of Afghanistan, over India, in the course of a few days subduing Lahore, Simla, Delhi, and everywhere welcomed in contrast to the English tyrants (!) as offering to the natives freedom in religious belief and sympathy with local custom. Meanwhile the German fleet, becoming possessed of a copy of the British plan of action through an English lady who is beloved by a German officer, obtains, in combination with the French, command of the North Sea and the Channel. A German army under cloak of this action is quietly landed at the Firth of Forth, and England lies at the mercy of her conquerors. Result: India is handed over to Russia, France gets control of Egypt, Gibraltar is dismantled and given to Spain; German ambition is modestly content with South Africa, the federation of Holland as a member of her Empire, and the possession of the port of Antwerp. The United States, Italy, and the British Colonies stand apart from the fray.

Another German book which promises to have a wide circulation in the English translation is Hugo Ganz's "Vor der Katastrophe," which is being issued in France and England under the title "The Downfall of Russia." Hugo Ganz is a well-known German journalist, and this collection of sketches and interviews, written at the time of the outbreak of the war, should prove of uncommon value and interest.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall hope to present in the spring a first novel that they anticipate will attract much attention. It is by Mr. Ernest Thurston, some of whose dramatic work has been seen in America, and it is reported to deal with the old, yet ever new, subject of the celibacy of the priesthood.

There are but few American novelists whose work is eagerly sought for by the London publishers, and Mr. Stewart Edward White is among them. His "The Silent Places" will be issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in a few days, and, during the autumn, Mr. Blackwood will print in his magazine a short serial from Mr. White's pen, entitled "The Raw Hide." It is described as a character study of unusual force, whose scene is laid in the cattle raising districts of the South Western states.

Can a modern author become a classic by the simple process of ignoring the protection afforded by the laws of copyright? It might, without unfairness, be argued that Tolstoy's indifference to commercial considera-

Mr. Alfred Stead,

Who recently edited "Japan by the Japanese," a review of which appears in this number.

tions has, in fact, not helped, but rather hindered, the distribution of his books. However the point may be considered, those who love to have great books in a worthy form will be interested to learn that a Boston firm is proposing to issue a uniform edition of Tolstoy in a handsome octavo form. We understand it will be carefully edited, newly translated, and illustrated throughout.

Mr. Max Pemberton's next novel, which is now running in the *Queen*, is the only society novel he has ever written, and its publication will be awaited with much interest. It will be issued in the early spring by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

Messrs. Harper and Bros. will issue immediately an English edition of Mr. Irving Bacheller's new novel, "Virgilius."

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

AUGUST 20TH TO SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1904.

To a thoughtful peruser of these reports, not fully cognisant of the peculiarities inherent to the trade, it must at times be somewhat bewildering to note the sudden ups and downs experienced therein, and to note also how short the step frequently is between dulness and activity. But a week or so ago we were in the passive state, whilst as this report is closed activity prevails on all sides, and the various publishing centres are all pouring forth their autumn attractions.

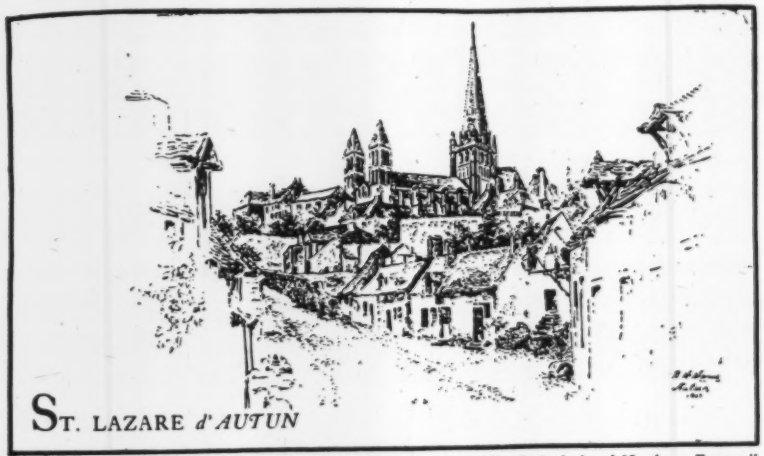
The demand has also increased, and a firmer tone is prevalent throughout.

The first item which claims mention is the novel from the pen of Marie Corelli, entitled "God's Good Man." Any volume by this writer is sure to cause much stir in the trade, and the present one has in no way belied past achievements. Several six shilling novels by well-known authors have appeared, and have very materially increased the amount of trade transacted. It is not possible within a limited space to name all that have been successful, but among those which call for special attention are "The Last Hope," "Tommy and Co.," "The Ladder of Swords," "Double Harness," "The Princess Passes," "At the Moorings," and "The Extraordinary Confessions of Diana Please"; whilst among earlier issues, "The Challoners," "The Lightning Conductor," "The Queen's Quair," merit notice.

At 5s., "The Bride from the Sea," by Guy Boothby, has proved very attractive, and at 3s. 6d. the most prominent item has been "The Coming of the King," by Joseph Hocking.

The Far East has continued to hold a fair share of public attention, which has been demonstrated by the steady demand for "Japan by the Japanese," "Manchu and Muscovite," "Russia as it really is," and for the more recent volume, "The Garden of Asia," a book of impressions from Japan by R. J. Farrer.

Several of the issues in the new series of the English Men of Letters have been constantly in demand, and especially has this been the case with the life of Hobbes, by Sir Leslie Stephen.



ST. LAZARE *d'AUTUN*

One of the numerous drawings by Blanche McManus in "The Cathedrals of Northern France," the first volume of "The Cathedral Series," published by Mr. T. Werner Laurie, by whose kind permission we are enabled to reproduce the illustration.

With the reissue, in a popular form, of the works of Mark Rutherford, quite a revived interest has been evinced, and the sales have accordingly been brisk.

Scholastic literature concurrent with the reopening of the schools has commanded a pronounced share of the attention of the trade, and apart from the usually large demand for the stock lines of geographies, histories, grammars, and so forth, a marked feature is the request for manuals of the French and German languages—more especially the former.

A goodly number of the customary old friends, in the form of the annual volumes of popular juvenile magazines, are already before the public, and being safe lines for the retailers have moved freely.

Mr. T. W. H. Crosland has added another volume of satirical humour, entitled "The Lord of Creation," which has found many purchasers.

The three-colour process promises to work a revolution in the appearance of gift and prize books for the young, and many of the issues which have just appeared have thus considerably enhanced their attractiveness by the brightness of the illustrations.

The death of Dean Hole has caused an increased demand for his already well-known and popular book on Roses.

"A Channel Passage, and other Poems," by Swinburne, has also been frequently in request..

Sixpenny reprints have shown a tendency to decrease in sale, but this was to be expected towards the close of the holidays.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month :—

Six Shilling Novels.

God's Good Man. By Marie Corelli. (Methuen.)
The Last Hope. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
The Queen's Quair. By Maurice Hewlett. (Heinemann.)
At the Moorings. By Rosa N. Carey. (Macmillan.)
Tommy and Co. By J. K. Jerome. (Hutchinson.)
The Ladder of Swords. By Sir Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann.)
Double Harness. By Anthony Hope. (Hutchinson.)
The Princess Passes. By Mrs. C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen.)
The Lightning Conductor. By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (Methuen.)
Extraordinary Confessions of Diana Please. By B. Capes. (Methuen.)
The Challoners. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
John Chilcote, M.P. By K. C. Thurston. (Blackwood.)
Portalone. By C. Ranger Gull. (Greening.)

The Bride from the Sea. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Long.)
The Coming of the King. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)
A Channel Passage, and other Poems. By A. C. Swinburne. 7s. (Chatto.)
Life of Hobbes. By Sir Leslie Stephen. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Japan by the Japanese. By various Authors. 20s. net. (Heinemann.)
Manchu and Muscovite. By B. L. P. Weale. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)
Russia as it really is. By Carl Joubert. 7s. 6d. (Nash.)
The Garden of Asia. By R. J. Farrer. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mark Rutherford's Works. 5 vols., each 1s. net. (Unwin.)
Scholastic Literature.
The Lord of Creation. By T. W. H. Crosland. 5s. (Richards.)
Annual Volumes of Juvenile Magazines.
Roses. By Dean Hole. 3s. 6d. (E. Arnold.)
Every Man his own Gardener. By J. Halsham. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Recent Development of Physical Science. 7s. 6d. net. (J. Murray.)
Adam's Diary. By Mark Twain. 2s. net. (Harper.)
Quiet Talks on Power. By S. D. Gordon. 2s. 6d. net. (Revell.)
Sixpenny Reprints.

Weekly Summary of the Wholesale Trade.

Week ending
Aug. 20—Slack in all departments.
" 27—Dull in home trade, somewhat brisker in export.
Sept. 3—Slight improvement.
" 10—Firmer orders throughout.
" 17—Increased activity. Export brisk.

(2) SCOTLAND.

August 18th to September 19th, 1904.

Following a good tourist season there came the usual urgent orders for school books. The trade in this department was remarkable in the large variety of educational works issued chiefly for higher grade teaching, and the keen competition of the leading publishers in meeting the requirements of all parties. It was evident that even comparatively unknown books were being called into use, and thus the orders were generally more miscellaneous than usual.

With the close of the chief holiday months the sales of sixpenny reprints of popular works steadily declined. The following are half a dozen of the best selling:—"By Berwen Banks," by A. Raine; "A Speckled Bird," by A. E. Wilson; "A Second Life," by Mrs. Alexander; "The American Emperor," by Louis Tracy; "A Minister of State," by J. A. Stewart; and "Settling Day," by Nat Gould.

In connection with the excitement over the House of Lords' decision in the Free Church case, literature in every form was issued.

In magazines, probably the most interesting was the *British Monthly*, Dr. Chalmers number, and the most successful of the many handbooks published was that edited by R. L. Orr, Advocate, and issued by Messrs. Macniven and Wallace, of Edinburgh. A rather striking feature of the month's trade was the demand for copies of the "Westminster Confession of Faith," showing how keenly the theological position of the Free Church was being discussed. From all the leading publishers there came to hand specially attractive lists of forthcoming books, and fortunately three of the best six shilling novels appeared before the summer season had quite passed away:—"God's Good Man," by Marie Corelli; "The Last Hope," by the late H. S. Merriman; and "Double Harness," by Anthony Hope, all obtained ready readers. John Oxenham's romance of Russia, entitled "Hearts in Exile," just issued as this report was written, should certainly take a leading place in the season's trade.

The appearance of Christmas booklets and such like publications, created a forecast of what might be required for Christmas. Heinemann's Favourite Classics found many admirers, and as the various volumes of Ruskin's works in pocket form were published they were heartily welcomed.

Mr. Burden offering to subscribe whatever may be necessary.

From a Drawing by G. K. Chesterton.

(Reproduced from Hilaire Belloc's new book "Emmanuel Burden," by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

The sale of monthly magazines steadily increased, and those repeatedly stocked were *Strand*, *Pearson*, *Review of Reviews*, *National Review*, *Chambers' Journal*, and *World's Work*.

The following is our list of best selling books:—

Miscellaneous.

The Free Church of Scotland Appeals. By R. L. Orr. 5s. net. (Macniven.)
Hastings' Bible Dictionary. 28s. per vol. (Clark.)
Mark Rutherford's Works. 5 vols., 1s. each net. (Unwin.)
Favourite Classics. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
Ruskin's Works. Pocket edition. 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. net. (Allen.)
The World's Classics. 1s. net. (Richards.)

Six Shilling Novels.

Double Harness. By Anthony Hope. (Hutchinson.)
The Last Hope. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
God's Good Man. By Marie Corelli. (Methuen.)
Extraordinary Confessions of Diana Please. By B. Capes. (Methuen.)
A Weaver of Webs. By John Oxenham. (Methuen.)
Tommy and Co. By Jerome K. Jerome. (Hutchinson.)
The Challoners. By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann.)
The Queen's Quair. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan.)
The Girl in Grey. By Curtis Yorke. (Long.)
The Princess Passes. By Mrs. C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen.)
The Sign of the Stranger. By W. Le Queux. (White.)
The Queen's Advocate. By A. W. Marchmont. (Ward and Lock.)
A Bachelor in Arcady. By H. Sutcliffe. (Unwin.)
The Ladder of Swords. By Sir Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann.)
The Happy Valley. By Mrs. Croker. (Methuen.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

OCTOBER 6—NOVEMBER 5.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

October 6th.

IVIMEY, JOHN W., and WALTON CORBOULD.—Three Blind Mice, 1s. net ..... (F. Warne and Co.)
HALL, MADELINE.—Giddy-Go-Round, 2s. net (F. Warne and Co.)
PICKERING, EDGAR.—Adventures of David Oliphant, 3s. 6d. net (F. Warne and Co.)
Hypnerotomachia, 42s. net before publication, 63s. after... (Methuen)
SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Progress of Rachael, 6s. (Methuen)
SHAKESPEARE.—All's Well that Ends Well. Edited by W. O. Brigstock. Arden Edition. 3s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)
ROGERS, A. G. L.—Agricultural Industry (Books on Business), 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.—Catherine Blum, 6d. ....(Methuen)
Real Life in Ireland. Illustrated Pocket Library. 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)
GERARD, DOROTHEA.—The Bridge of Life, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
The Visions of Dom Francisco di Queredo Villegas, 2s. net (Methuen)
DICKBERRY, F.—The Storm of London, 6s. ..... (John Long)
GUBBINS, NATHANIEL.—All the Winners, 2s. ... (John Long)
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—The Mystery of Four Ways, 1s. (John Long)

October 7th.

RICKERT, E.—The Reaper, 6s. ..... (E. Arnold)
COURTNEY, E.—Checkmate, 6s. ..... (E. Arnold)
SIDGWICK, MRS. A.—Scenes from Jewish Life, 6s. (E. Arnold)
HAZZLEDINE, G. D.—White Man in Nigeria, 10s. 6d. net (E. Arnold)
HARRISON, FREDERIC.—Theophano, 10s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall)
MACLEOD, FIONA.—The Winged Destiny, 6s. (Chapman and Hall)
PRICHARD, K., and HESKETH.—The Chronicles of Don Q., 6s. ..... (Chapman and Hall)
LE QUEUX, W.—The Mask, 6s. .... (John Long)
MACHRAY, ROBERT.—The Ambassador's Glove, 6s. (John Long)

October 8th.

POTTER, BEATRIX.—Tale of Two Bad Mice, 1s. net (F. Warne and Co.)
NASSAU, DR. HAMILL.—Fetichism in West Africa, 10s. 6d. net (Duckworth)

October 10th.

VAMBERY, A.—The Story of my Struggles, 21s. net (Fisher Unwin)
MOFFAT, JOHN S.—Lives of R. and M. Moffat, 2s. 6d. net (Fisher Unwin)
TETLEY, J. G.—Old Times and New (R.P.), 7s. 6d. net (Fisher Unwin)
IRWIN, H. C.—With Sword and Pen, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Lady Sylvia, 6s. ..... (John Long)

October 12th.

MANVILLE FENN, GEORGE.—Blind Policy, 6s. ... (John Long)

October 13th.

STRINGER, ARTHUR.—Silver Poppy, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
HICHENS, ROBERT.—The Garden of Allah, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
COTES, ROSEMARY A.—Bible Flowers, 2s. 6d. net ... (Methuen)
POLLARD, ALICE, and ETHEL BIRNSTINGE.—Corot, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
CLIFFORD, MRS. W. K.—The Getting Well of Dorothy, 6s. (Methuen)
ADAMS, FRANK (Illustrator).—Jack Spratt, 2s. ..... (Methuen)
SHAKESPEARE.—Titus Andronicus. Romeo and Juliet. 2 vols. Little 4to Shakespeare. 1s. net each ..... (Methuen)
ALEXANDER, E.—Rambling Rector, 6s. ..... (E. Arnold)
COLERIDGE, M. E.—The Shadow on the Wall, 6s.... (E. Arnold)
SETON-KERR, SIR H.—My Sporting Holidays, 12s. 6d. net (E. Arnold)
SOMERS, P.—Pages from a Country Diary, 7s. 6d. ...(E. Arnold)
BEVAN, E. R.—Jerusalem under the High Priests, 7s. 6d. (E. Arnold)

October 14th.

WIMBUSH, HENRY B. (Artist), and EDITH F. CAREY.—The Channel Islands, 20s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)
LILLY, W. S.—Studies in Religion and Literature, 2s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall)
GRIBBLE, FRANCIS.—The Dream of Peace, 6s. (Chapman and Hall)
DRURY, MAJOR W. P.—The Tadpole of an Archangel, 3s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall)

October 15th.

CARLYLE, THOMAS.—Vols. III. and IV. of the Standard Edition of Carlyle, 5s. each ..... (Chapman and Hall)

October 17th.

HALL, EDWARD.—Henry VIII. "Lives of the Kings" Series. 2 vols. 16s. net each ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
RICHTER, DR. J. P., and A. CAMERON.—The Golden Age of Classic Christian Art. 105s. net ..... (Duckworth)
ROOSES, MAX.—Rubens, 105s. net ..... (Duckworth)
VON FABRICZY, C.—Italian Medals, 10s. 6d. net ... (Duckworth)
BREMOND, HENRI.—Thomas More, 3s. ..... (Duckworth)
JEFFERIES, RICHARD.—Amaryllis at the Fair, 6s. (Duckworth)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Children of Endurance, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
ANONYMOUS.—Hungry Forties, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
MALLANDAINE, CATHERINE E.—The Cavern of Laments. Illustrated. 6s. ..... (John Long)

October 20th.

BARR, ROBERT.—The Lady Electra, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
MANN, MARY E.—One Another's Burdens, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
BENSON, ARCHBISHOP.—God's Board, 3s. 6d. net...(Methuen)
MANN, MARY E.—When Arnold Comes Home, 3s. 6d. (Methuen)
Microcosm of London, 42s. net before publication, 63s. net after publication ..... (Methuen)
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—The Closed Book, 6s. ..... (Methuen)
BARING-GOULD, REV. S.—A Book of Ghosts, 6s. ... (Methuen)
BOULDING, J. W.—Double Rose, 1s. 6d. ..... (Jarrold)
MACKIE, J.—Rising of the Red Man, 3s. 6d. ..... (Jarrold)
SELLON, E. M.—Parson Wetherby's Robins, 1s. 6d. ... (Jarrold)
Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins (Lord Brampton). 2 vols. 30s. net ..... (E. Arnold)
WATSON, G.—Sunshine and Sentiment in Portugal, 12s. 6d. net (E. Arnold)
CAMPBELL, G.—Edward and Pamela FitzGerald, 12s. 6d. net (E. Arnold)
BOSANQUET, REV. B. H., and R. A. WENHAM.—Outlines of the Synoptic Record, 6s. ..... (E. Arnold)
CARLILE, W. W.—Economic Methods and Economic Fallacies, 10s. 6d. net ..... (E. Arnold)
CONYERS, MRS.—Peter's Pedigree, 6s. ..... (E. Arnold)

October 21st.

COURTNEY, W. L.—The Feminine Note in Literature, 5s. net (Chapman and Hall)
MACMAHON, ELLA.—The Other Son, 6s....(Chapman and Hall)
RHOADES, JAMES.—The Little Flowers of St. Francis Rendered into English Verse, 5s. net ..... (Chapman and Hall)

October 24th.

VON SCHLICHT, BARON.—Life in a Crack Regiment, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
HOBHOUSE, L. T.—Democracy and Reaction, 5s. (Fisher Unwin)
ADAM, MADAN.—My Literary Life, 7s. 6d. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
WORKMAN, W. H.—Through Town and Jungle, 21s. net (Fisher Unwin)

October 25th.

PALMER, SUTTON (Artist), and A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF.—Bonnie Scotland, 20s. net ..... (A. and C. Black)

October 27th.

HEYWOOD, WILLIAM.—Palio and Porte, 21s. net ... (Methuen)
KNOWLING, R. J. (Editor).—Epistle of St. James, 6s. (Methuen)
HANNAY, JAMES O.—Wisdom of the Desert, 3s. 6d. net (Methuen)
ATKINS, H. G.—Goethe. Little Biographies. 3s. 6d. net, 4s. net ..... (Methuen)
HOW, F. D.—Six Great Schoolmasters, 7s. 6d. ..... (Methuen)

October 28th.

HATTON, R. G.—Figure Drawing, 7s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall)
CULLUM, RIDGWELL.—The Hound from the North, 6s. (Chapman and Hall)

October 31st.

YATRIDDE, G.—Three Dukes, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
ZIMMERN, ALICE.—Old Tales from Rome, 5s.... (Fisher Unwin)
LOW, SIDNEY, B.A.—Governance of England, 7s. 6d. net (Fisher Unwin)
PINNOCK, J.—Wander Years Round the World, 21s. net (Fisher Unwin)
BRUCE, ROBERT.—Benbonuna, 6s. ..... (John Long)

November 1st.

FAIRBAIRN.—Book of Crests. Enlarged Edition. 2 vols. 63s. (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
CHISHOLM, LOUEY.—In Fairyland. Illustrated, in colour, by G. K. Cameron. 7s. 6d. net ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
BUNYAN.—Pilgrim's Progress. Illustrated, in colour, by Byam Shaw. 10s. net ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Waters of Oblivion, 6s. (John Long)

November 2nd.

HINDLE, DACRE.—Links of Love, 6s. ..... (John Long)

November 3rd.

SIMONSON, GEO. A.—Francesco Guardi, 42s. net ... (Methuen)
GAMBADO, GEOFFREY.—An Academy for Grown Horsemen, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
ALLEN, J. ROMILLY.—Celtic Art. Antiquary's Books. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
WHITEHEAD, A. W.—Gaspard di Coligny, 12s. 6d. net (Methuen)
WYNNE, MAY. —Ronald Lindsay, 6s. ..... (John Long)

November 5th

NESBITT, E.—New Treasure-Seekers, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
PIKE, G. HOLDEN. Dr. Parker and his Friends, 5s. net (Fisher Unwin)
FITZGERALD, Percy.—Lady Jean, 12s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED.—The Book of Angelus Drayton, 6s. (John Long)

The Reader.

THE BRONTËS: THEIR FASCINATION AND GENIUS.

By Angus M. Mackay.

I.—THE BRONTË FASCINATION.

THE interest felt by a considerable section of the reading public in all that concerns the Brontë sisters seems to broaden and intensify as time goes on. Every trivial object, every scrap of material that once belonged to the Brontës or their friends, is religiously stored up in the Museum at Haworth, and pilgrims, singly or in troops, resort year by year to every spot with which the sisters were even remotely connected. No doubt all this has its ludicrous side, and it is easy for anyone who has not come under the spell to jeer at such enthusiasm. But while it may be conceded that the fanatical devotees of a cult are not always its most intelligent adherents, on the other hand it must be granted that when relics are highly venerated and shrines thronged, there must be connected with them some idea or some truth worthy of admiration. And in the case of the Brontës we cannot argue that the greatness of their popularity points to the commonplace nature of their achievements. Those writers who have estimated their genius most highly have been the *élite* of the critics, from Lockhart to Matthew Arnold; and of Emily Brontë's work we may say that it appeals exclusively to minds appreciative of the finer and subtler qualities of literature; it is to such poets as Sydney Dobell and Swinburne that we owe its full recognition.

But indeed the existence of what has been called the Brontë cult ought not to surprise us. If the interest evinced is unique, so is that which calls it forth. The works of Emily and Charlotte Brontë, whatever their other merits or demerits, have in a very high degree that indefinable quality which is best described by the word *fascination:* other, perhaps greater, novels are read, admired, and forgotten; but the Brontë stories lure us back after an interval to re-peruse them with increasing appreciation. This is eminently true of Emily Brontë's masterpiece, "Wuthering Heights," and it is true also in a lesser degree of Charlotte's novels. And the attraction is not due only to the writings. A further spell is laid upon the imagination by the history of the various members of that strange Haworth household, told so admirably and with such wealth of detail by Mrs. Gaskell and in the more recent books of Mr. Clement Shorter, and commented upon with so much charm by Augustine Birrell, Wemyss Reid, Mary L. Robinson, and others. And then the curiosity of the reader is piqued and his imagination roused by the insolvable problems arising out of the story: how came the union of a simple Cornish lady with the eccentric but intellectually commonplace Irish Prunty to produce so remarkable a group of persons and how could the environment of the bleak and lonely parsonage supply these girls with the material and the experience of which they made such remarkable use in their novels? When these various lines of interest are focussed we are no longer at a loss to account for the potency of the Brontë spell.

Charlotte Brontë.
From a Portrait in Oils by J. H. Thompson.
(Reproduced from "The Sketch," by kind permission of the London Electrotype Agency.)

The Haworth Drama.

The history of the Brontë household between the year 1820 and 1855 is known in greater or less detail to all lovers of English literature. It recurs to the memory of those familiar with it like the successive scenes of a drama. First the group of motherless infants, even then all in all to one another, even then beginning to live in a dreamland of their own, apart from the taciturn father, and the prim aunt, and the rough but kindly servants. Then the banishment of four of the girls to a charity school, which was a very purgatory to their sensitive souls, and from which two returned stricken with death, and a third with bitter memories which haunted and coloured all the rest of her life. Then that curious dual existence at Haworth—on the one hand the narrow practical life of the household, where no lesson was imperfectly learnt, no duty neglected, no labour refused—and on the other the wide, free life of imagination and fancy, into which strangers could not intrude, lived in the seclusion of their own chamber while the house was asleep, or out on the wild moors at the back of their home, where they could meditate upon

"All Nature's million mysteries,
The fearful and the fair,"

and where in the bleakest weather imagination could

"Warm with ten thousand mingled rays
Of suns that know no winter days."

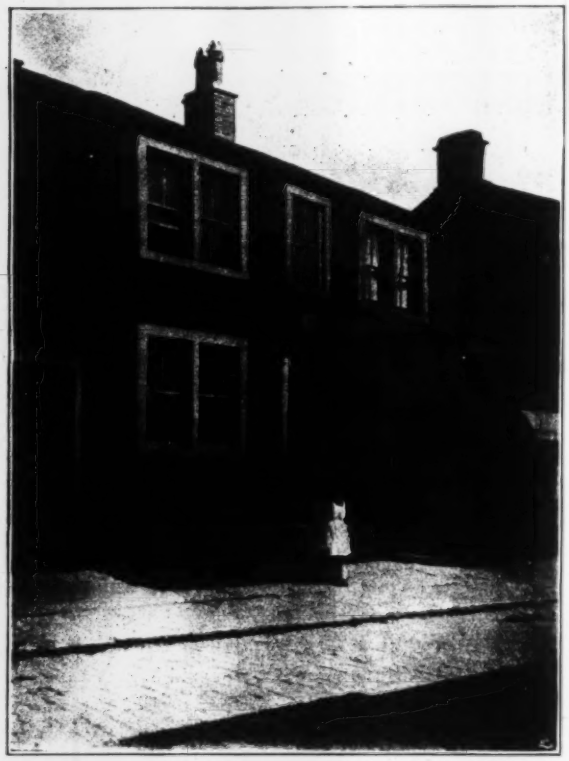


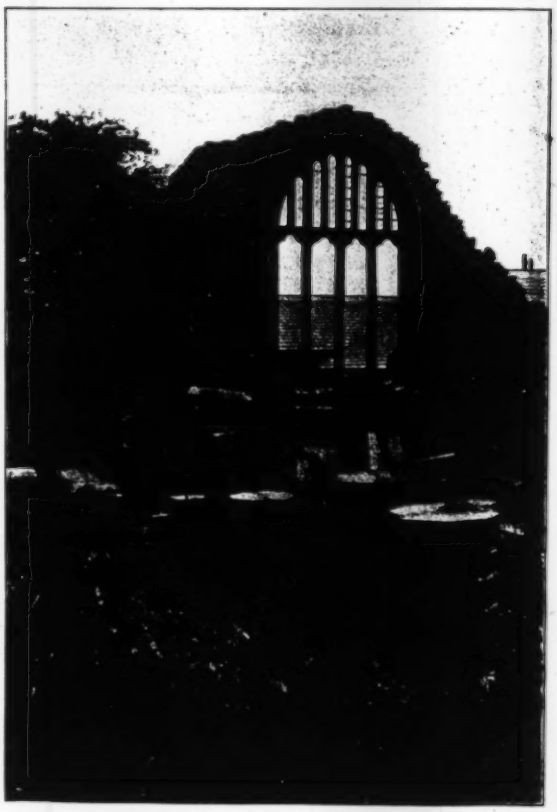
Photo J. J. Stead.

Charlotte Brontë's Birthplace at Thornton.

Charlotte Brontë was born at Thornton on April 21st, 1816. Patrick, Emily and Anne Brontë were born in the same house.

"During the time that Mr. Brontë held the incumbency of Thornton he resided in a house which yet stands almost in the centre of the village. It would then doubtless be known as the 'Parsonage,' but to-day it is a butcher's shop and the residence of its proprietor. The hall door in Mr. Brontë's time was reached by several steps. There was a dining-room on one side of the hall, and a drawing-room on the other. . . The room in which Charlotte Brontë first saw the light is pointed out to visitors."—William Scruton's "Thornton and the Brontës."

It was thus the greater part of the life of the three sisters was passed, varied only by the incursions of one or other into that cruel outer world for which they were so unfitted, and whence they were invariably driven back again, baffled, homesick, and sore of heart. One of these interludes is a turning point in Charlotte's history—the two years spent at the Brussels *pensionnat*, where she fell under the spell of the fiery professor, M. Heger, the Paul Emanuel of "Villette." Here, as Sir Wemyss Reid says, Charlotte "tasted strange joys and drank deep of waters the very bitterness of which seemed to endear them to her." Without any evil intention on M. Heger's part, and through no fault of her own, she found herself caught in the toils of a tyrannous affection from which she escaped with difficulty, lacerated and quivering. The episode left her as it found her, innocent and unstained; but while it added deeper notes to the gamut of her art, it undoubtedly also intensified for some years the sadness of her life. From this point onward the scene grows darker and darker: the only brother, the object of the sisters' affection and pride, disappoints their hopes and sinks deep into the slough of vice; the old father is threatened with total blindness; death again enters the household, and within eight short months strikes down Branwell, then Emily, then Anne. Fame, indeed, came at last to Charlotte, but only to be clouded immediately by the illness and death of those whose sympathy alone could give it value. It is thus Charlotte writes to her bosom friend, when she had returned to the desolate home after burying the last of her sisters at Scarborough: "My life is what I expected it to be. Sometimes when I wake in the morning and know that Solitude, Remembrance, and Longing are to be almost my sole companions all day through—that at night I shall go to bed with them, and that they will long keep me sleepless—that next morning I shall wake to them again—sometimes, Nell, I have a heavy heart of it. . . . I do hope and pray that never may you, or anyone I love, be placed as I am." It is true that at the close of the dark and cloudy day came a gleam of sunshine. Her short married life was one of tranquil happiness, but it lasted only nine months. After two months' illness she awoke from a stupor one day to see her husband sobbing and praying by her bedside, and to realise that the end was near. "I am not going to die, am I?" she moaned; "He will not separate us, we have been so happy!" These seem to have been her last words, and they are in strange harmony with the rest of the mournful history. Surely the drama of those years at Haworth, though composed of such simple elements, is unsurpassed in heroism, in pathos, in tragedy, by any written drama. Its mournful fascination is hardly less potent than that of the novels themselves.



The Old Bell Chapel at Thornton in which Mr. Brontë preached.

"Standing on that bleak hill-side, naked and unsheltered for well-nigh three hundred years, it had weathered many a bitter storm and biting blast. It was the sanctuary where many generations of former inhabitants had gathered within its hallowed walls for purposes of prayer and praise . . . . from that same pulpit Mr. Brontë was wont to preach, while seated below were his young and delicate wife and the little children that were destined to make the world ring with their fame."—William Scruton's "Thornton and the Brontës."

(Reproduced from the Haworth Edition of "Wuthering Heights," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

The Brontë Group.

To the interest aroused by the novels and the biography there is added an element of wonder as we realise how extraordinary were the characters and talents of the children in that isolated household. While only two of the girls, Charlotte and Emily, have made enduring contributions to English literature, it may truthfully be asserted that every one of the children of the Vicar of Haworth was remarkable. Anne's literary immortality, it is true, is due to her connection with her more illustrious sisters; but her novels are by no means to be ranked with the ordinary productions of "girls who write," and Mr. Swinburne thinks that to "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," at least, due appreciation has not yet been accorded. The career of the only son, Branwell, was spoilt by his vices, and in any case it may be doubted whether, either as a painter or an author, he had talents sufficient to have made him famous. But all the testimony extant concurs in showing that there was about him something bizarre, brilliant, original, which vividly impressed those who came in contact with him. He appears to have belonged to the class of persons who, whether they do or do not achieve great things, possess what may be called the *genius of personality*. Even Elizabeth, who died in her eleventh year in 1825, is known to have been a remarkable child. And we may say of Maria, whose life was also cut short in childhood, that had she lived she would probably have been not less famous than Charlotte or Emily. It may be worth while to bring together the evidence which establishes this.

At the age of six Mrs. Gaskell describes Maria as "grave, thoughtful, and quiet to a degree far beyond her years. . . . She was delicate and small in appearance, which seemed to give greater effect to her wonderful precocity of intellect." At the age of seven "she would shut herself up in the children's study with a newspaper, and be able to tell one everything when she came out—debates in Parliament, and I know not what." Her father declared that long before her death at the age of eleven he could converse with her on any of the leading topics of the day with as much freedom and pleasure as with any grown-up person; and Charlotte described her to Mary Taylor as "a wonder of talent and kindness," and spoke in a letter to Mr. Williams (1849) of her "prematurely developed and remarkable intellect."

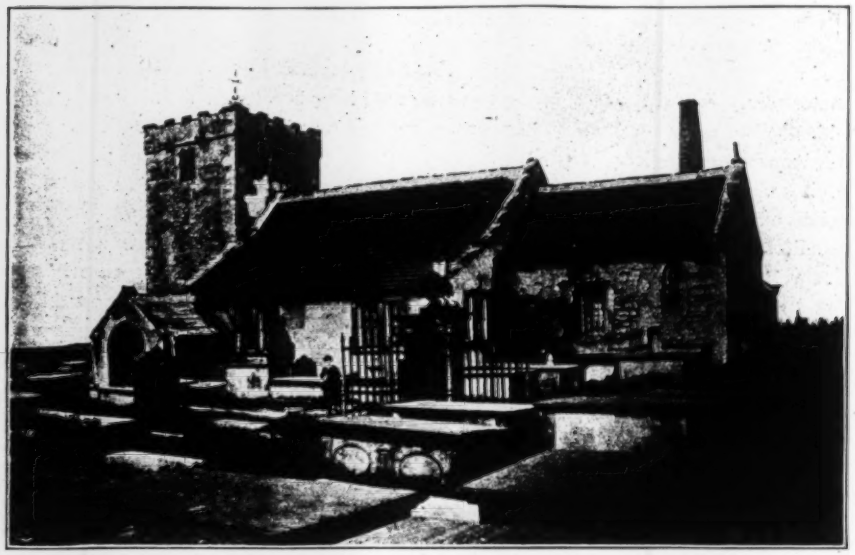
This varied testimony is sufficiently arresting; but it is not all the material we have for forming our impressions of Maria. We have in "Jane Eyre" a vivid picture of her under the name of Helen Burns. I shall hope to give in this paper conclusive proof of Charlotte's minute fidelity in all that she relates of the Clergy Daughters' School; but as regards the part referring to her sister we have her own testimony as to its truth. In a letter to W. S. Williams published in Mr. Clement Shorter's book* she writes: "You are right in having faith in the reality of Helen Burns' character; she was real enough. I have exaggerated nothing there . . . . I could not but smile at the quiet, self-complacent dogmatism with which one of the journals lays it down that such creations as Helen Burns are very beautiful but very untrue." We have therefore but to read the vivid pages describing Lowood, and we have before us a minute portraiture of Maria, "delicate, unusually clever and thoughtful for her age, gentle and untidy," as her schoolfellows described her to Mrs. Gaskell, "far superior in mind to any of her playfellows and companions, and lonely from that very cause." She was of a deeply religious nature, yet if we may take the conversations in "Jane Eyre" as approximately true, she had that independence of thought on religious matters which

The Birthplace of the Rev. Patrick Brontë.

"In the lowly cottage in Emdale now known as 'The Kiln,' and used as a cowshed, Patrick Brontë was born on the 17th of March, 1777. Men have risen to fame from a lowly origin; but few men have ever emerged from humbler circumstances than Patrick Brontë. . . . . The house consisted of two rooms. That over which the roof still stands was without chimney, and was used as bedroom and parlour; and the outer room, from which the roof has fallen, was used as a corn-kiln and also as kitchen and reception-room."—Description in 1893.

(Reproduced from Dr. William Wright's "The Brontës in Ireland.")

* "Charlotte Brontë and her Circle," p. 404.



Hartshead Old Church.

The Rev. Patrick Brontë was appointed curate in charge of Hartshead July, 1811, by the Rev. John Buckworth, vicar of Dewsbury (the Dr. Boultby of "Shirley"). Hartshead, Kirklees, and the neighbourhood are the Nunnely of "Shirley."

"Hartshead is a very small village, lying to the east of Huddersfield and Halifax; and from its high situation—on a mound as it were, surrounded by a circular basin—commanding a magnificent view. Mr. Brontë resided here for five years; and, while the incumbent of Hartshead, he wooed and married Maria Branwell." Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

II.—THE BRONTË GENIUS.

Thus far I have dealt with the fascination of the Brontës. To analyse their genius is a far more difficult task. The problem is of a peculiarly tantalising kind, for we have not only the genius itself to account for, but we find ourselves asking whence these girls, so lonely and so isolated, could have obtained the material and the experience which make their work so vivid and true to life. Charlotte was so shy that she could not so much as pass a stranger on the road without putting up her hand to shield her face; she could not talk till she had turned her chair so as neither to see nor to be seen by her interlocutor; the prospect of a call at a strange house would give her a nervous headache the whole previous day, and on one occasion, when she intended with Mrs. Gaskell to spend a morning with two sisters whom she knew and liked, the prospect of seeing a third sister with them so upset her that her courage failed at the door step; she paced up and down the street several times, trying to master her nervousness, and finally Mrs. Gaskell had to enter alone, and make the best apology she could for her absence. A shyness such as this raises barriers between its victim and the world more secluding than the walls of a convent. And Charlotte it must be remembered was by comparison the adventurous one of the family, the enterprising leader, the buffer between her sisters and the outer world. If such was Charlotte, what must Emily have been? It is as hard to account for the intimate knowledge of life shown by girls thus physically and morally isolated as it would be to account for a cluster of roses and lilies growing out of desert sands. The problem thus presented cannot, of course, be fully solved, for genius is in itself ultimately inscrutable, and in mental as in material processes every analysis only brings us face to face with new mysteries; but we may perhaps be able to ascertain at least what were the prime constituents of the powers so conspicuous in Charlotte and Emily, and in what proportion these were combined.

It is clear that for literary creation, as for physical, two things are necessary, matter and force. There must be abnormal memory to supply the material which may be transmuted into the writer's creations, and there must be the subtle, inscrutable power by which such transmutation is brought about. The proportion in which these two things are combined determines the nature of the resultant work. Shakespeare plainly possessed both in an extraordinary degree and in the most perfect proportions. So minute is his acquaintance with everything with which he deals that writers marked all the Brontës. The picture of Helen Burns conversing with her beloved teacher is doubtless perfectly accurate when we apply it to Maria :—

"As to Helen Burns I was struck with wonder. The refreshing meal, the brilliant fire, the presence and kindness of her beloved instructress, or perhaps more than all these, something in her own unique mind, had roused the powers within her. They woke, they kindled: first they glowed in the bright tint of her cheek, which to this hour I had never seen but pale and bloodless; then they shone in the liquid lustre of her eyes, which had suddenly acquired a singular beauty—a beauty of meaning, of movement, of radiance. Then her soul sat on her lips, and language flowed, from what source I cannot tell. Has a girl of fourteen a heart large enough, vigorous enough to hold the swelling spring of pure, full, fervid eloquence? Such was the characteristic of Helen's discourse . . . . her spirit seemed hastening to live within a very brief span as much as many live during a protracted existence."—We must remember that this is not an exaggerated account. Charlotte expressly declared that her sister was even more wonderful than she is pictured in "Jane Eyre." "I abstained from recording much that I remember respecting her," she said, "lest the narrative should sound incredible." It is for the same reason, possibly, that she depicts her as fourteen years old. This extraordinary child was only eleven at the time of her death.* It is inevitable that a family composed of such wonderful members as this should rivet attention, even apart from the romance of the biography, and the engrossing interest of the books.

* Mr. Clement Shorter states that Maria was born April 16th, 1813 (see the Haworth edition of "The Life," p. 10), and that she was twelve years old at her death, in 1825 ("C. B. and her Circle," p. 57). By some inadvertence he has antedated her birth by about a year. It is established by official registers that Maria's parents were married December 29th, 1812, that she herself was baptised April 23rd, 1814, and that she was ten years of age when she entered the Clergy Daughters' School in 1824.

Photo J. J. Stead.

Maria Branwell (afterwards Mrs. Brontë) at the age of 15.

Photo J. J. Stead.

Mrs. Gaskell.

From the Painting by George Richmond, R.A.

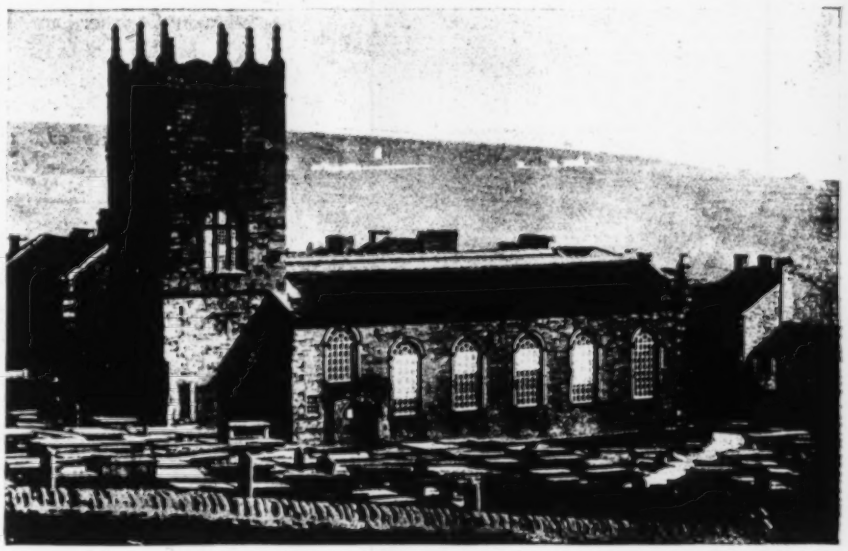
M. Héger.

Charlotte Brontë's teacher in Brussels, and the Paul Emanuel of "Villette."
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. G. Harrop.)

Photo J. J. Stead.

The Rev. Hammond Roberson (The Rev. Matthewson Helstone of "Shirley").

have argued that he must have been himself a soldier, a lawyer, a physician, and I know not what. It would appear that he forgot nothing, that every impression his brain received, consciously or unconsciously, could be recalled at will as vividly as when first experienced. And his creative power was more than equal to dealing with this vast material—nay, there was an overplus sufficient to create other and ideal worlds, differing widely from the actual world of human experience.



Haworth Old Church.

The Rev. Patrick Brontë removed to Haworth February 25th, 1820.

"The church lies above most of the houses in the village; and the graveyard rises above the church, and is terribly full of upright tombstones. The chapel or church claims greater antiquity than any other in that part of the kingdom; but there is no appearance of this in the external aspect of the present edifice, unless it be in the two eastern windows, which remain unmodernised, and in the lower part of the steeple."—Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

In Scott, again, great as was the creative faculty it was not always sufficiently strong to match the gigantic memory. Like Shakespeare, Scott seems to have forgotten nothing; the verbal memory was so powerful that he could recall after a considerable interval a long poem read only once. But the vast accumulation of material due to such a memory appears sometimes to have stifled the imagination. At times he seems more the antiquarian than the creator. Stage properties in some of his novels are mingled with real things much as at Khartoum the canvas fortifications which Gordon erected to deceive the enemy were mingled with real forts and bastions. If Scott falls short of the absolute highest it is because the transmuting force was not always sufficient for the enormous mass of matter with which it dealt.

In Dickens, on the other hand, the memory was retentive only for what was grotesque or eccentric or humorous. His characters are true to life only as caricatures may be said to be so. We can discern exactly the type he wishes to present to us, but what we *see* are the figures as reflected in a distorting concave or convex mirror. He did not really penetrate deeply into the heart of things. Surface peculiarities struck him forcibly and were never forgotten, and when he planned out a novel he had nothing better than endless material of this kind to work upon, the result being that too often he gives us sentiment in the place of passion, and humour at the expense of truth. Immense as is the popularity of Dickens and unique as were his gifts, he cannot be ranked very high as an artist. He is not the Rubens of literature, but its George Cruikshank. And his defect is due partly to lack of depth in the creative power, but still more to the partial and defective character of the material which his memory alone retained.

Now if the test, whose use I have thus tried to illustrate, be applied to the works of Charlotte and Emily Brontë, it will enable us to analyse their genius, at least so far as to show what are the primary components of their several endowments, and this I fear is as far as the mystery of genius will allow us to penetrate.

The Genius of Charlotte.

The chief characteristic of Charlotte Brontë's work is *reality*. If we exclude two slight passages in "Jane Eyre," one relating to Mrs. and the Misses Brocklehurst, which is Dickensesque, and the description of the house party at Thornfield, where the authoress is dealing with matters beyond her knowledge, there is scarcely a character or an incident in her books which is not actual as life itself. Not that hers is the method of the realist or the impressionist; for they deal with the accidental, the superficial, the momentary, while it is the deepest aspects of life, its suffering, its aspirations, its master-passions which alone have interest for her. But the aim which she set before herself, and rarely failed to attain, was the presentation of life as it is. The incidents of her novels, she told Mrs. Gaskell, were at the time of their inception more present to her mind than her actual life, and not even the criticism of her beloved sisters could induce her to alter her work, "so possessed was she with the feeling that she had described reality." It is clear that in order to attain her own severe ideal she needed to have recourse not to books but to feeling and experience, and, indeed, she leaves us in no doubt upon this point; "Details, situations, which I do not understand, and cannot personally inspect, I would not for the world meddle with . . . . Besides, not one feeling on any subject, public or private, will I ever affect that I do not really experience." It must not be concluded from this, however, that she was a literal copyist, or that her portraits were mere photographs: her method left plenty of room for the creative force. Mrs. Gaskell has well described the double operation which produced such life-like portraits as M. Paul Emanuel and Mr. Helstone. By a subtle analysis she arrived at the germ of the

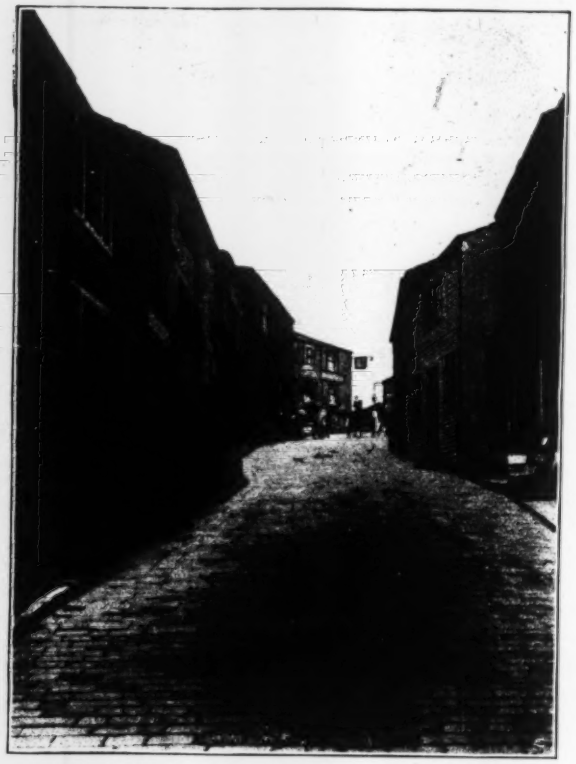


Photo J. J. Stead. **Main Street, Haworth.**

"Haworth is a long, straggling village: one steep, narrow street—so steep that the flagstones with which it is paved are placed endways, that the horses' feet may have something to cling to, and not slip down backwards, which if they did they would soon reach Keighley. But if the horses had cats' feet and claws they would do all the better. Well, we (the man, horse, car, and I) clambered up this street, and reached the church . . . . then we turned off into a lane on the left, past the curate's lodging at the sexton's, past the schoolhouse, up to the Parsonage yard-door. I went round the house to the front door, looking to the church; moors everywhere, beyond and above."—Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

character of some acquaintance, and then "she took the germ as the nucleus of an imaginary character and worked outwards—thus reversing the process of analysation." She also describes for us, on Charlotte's own authority, the synthetic process. "She thought intently on it (some incident she was to describe) for many and many a night before falling asleep . . . . till at length, sometimes after the progress of her story had been arrested at this one point for weeks, she wakened up in the morning with all clear before her as if she had in reality gone through the experience, and then could describe it word for word as it had happened." After reading these passages and examining the works themselves it becomes easy to see what went to the making of Charlotte Brontë's novels; first, a knowledge of life very circumscribed in extent, but which went very deep; secondly, a marvellous memory for the minute details of incident and character, combined with an innate perception of their relation to one another, and to the central norm which governed them; thirdly, a creative force quite adequate to deal with the material which memory provided, but so dependent upon that material that there is perhaps not a single character in her novels which is not known to have had its living original. And this analysis helps us to understand both the force of Charlotte's genius and its limitation. She would write about nothing which "she did not understand and could not personally inspect," and so as her experience was very limited her *répertoire* contains but two or three types—in the fragment of a novel she left behind at her death,* she is still dealing with schools and teachers. But on the other hand her strong grasp on reality led to the creation of some of the most vivid and living characters to be found outside Shakespeare, while the very scantiness of the material provided for the exercise of her masterly analytical powers led her—especially when her subject was "a lover feminine"—to penetrate farther almost than any other novelist into the secret places of the heart and the deep things of life.

The Genius of Emily.

When, next, we attempt to analyse the scanty writings of Emily Brontë, the result is less complete, though as far as it goes not less certain. Whether Emily possessed the powerful memory for facts and words which (as I shall show) characterised Charlotte almost from infancy, cannot now be known. Nor does it concern us to enquire. Her imagination was of that unusual kind which is independent of actual facts—in a certain sense it created its own material. The world to which the sombre drama, "Wuthering Heights," introduces us, is bathed in "the light that never was on land or sea"—for its author was almost absolutely ignorant of the men and women about her—yet it is so consistent with itself, so harmonious, that no jarring note is heard from beginning to end; nothing occurs to break the illusion of reality which is everywhere present. Imagination in this its purest and most essential quality is rare, it must be remembered, even among the greatest. Milton, for example, seems sometimes closely dependent upon the actual when most he would have wished to be independent of it: his celestial battles are so materialistic that we can almost smell the gunpowder, and when he makes his fallen angels converse we hear but an echo of the puritan jargon of his time—their talk is of

> "Foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix't fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute."

Emily Brontë's creative power in this particular respect is even more unfailing than that of Milton, and is allied to that which Shakespeare displays in the fairyland of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," or in the magic realm of Prospero. It is by this rare quality that she is entitled to be described as Shakespeare's younger sister. The title would be absurd if we thought only of total achievement, but if we think of original endowment it will appear by no means inappropriate to those who can appreciate "Wuthering Heights." If Shakespeare had died at the age of twenty-nine, as Emily Brontë did, he would have left no poems behind him, and only one or two immature comedies modelled on those of his predecessors, and certainly not stamped with that strong originality which makes "Wuthering Heights" a thing apart.

The contrast between the genius of Charlotte Brontë and that of her greater sister is thus easily drawn. The one needed a germ of the actual before she could create; the other's imagination was self-sufficing. This difference was foreshadowed from the first. As a student Charlotte's bent was towards drawing, and her pencil sought to reproduce her copy in its minutest detail, while

* "Emma," the opening chapters of which were published in *Cornhill*, 1860.

Emily's bent was towards music—the passport to the ideal—to which she was passionately devoted: both predilections were characteristic and prophetic. It followed that Charlotte in four novels, exhausted her material, while to the possible number of Emily's creations, had she lived, we can assign no limit.

A Marvellous Memory: Charlotte and Cowan Bridge.

I have shown from the novels of Charlotte Brönte the probability that a wonderful memory for details and incidents was a part of her original endowment. We have in that part of "Jane Eyre" which deals with Lowood (the Clergy Daughters' School at Cowan Bridge) a means of determining whether this was so or not; and to those interested in the "mechanism of genius" it may not be without interest if I conclude this paper with an endeavour to apply this test.

Those who have visited Cowan Bridge can picture to themselves what the school was like in Charlotte's time. Three low grey cottages at right angles to the road still remain much as they were before they were acquired as part of the school. These contained the dining hall and the teachers' rooms. At right angles to this, and parallel to the road, a new part was built on, which has now entirely disappeared.* This contained the schoolroom and the large dormitory. Parallel to the old part, and at right angles to the highway, is the stream known as the Leck. In Charlotte's day high walls shut out the stream and the road; and the square between houses and walls thus formed was filled with the children's slips of garden, except that a broad path ran through the centre to the entrance in the new wing.

Charlotte's first impressions on her arrival at this conventual building will recur to readers of "Jane Eyre": "Rain, wind and darkness filled the air; nevertheless I dimly discerned a wall before me and a door open in it; through this door I passed with my new guide; she shut and locked it behind her. There was now visible a house or houses—for the building spread far—with many windows, and lights burning in some; we went up a broad pebbly path, splashing wet, and were admitted at a door." Incidentally every detail of the orphanage building survives in "Jane Eyre";

* Miss Robinson, in an eloquent paragraph in "Emily Brontë," mistakenly represents the new wing as formed out of a disused factory. It degenerated into a factory only after the School was removed to Casterton.

the "convent-like garden," the "large building, half of which seemed grey and old and the other half quite new," the view from the dormitory window—"there were the two wings of the building, there was the garden, there were the skirts of Lowood (Leck), there was the hilly horizon." The walk to Tunstall Church in winter is accurately described, as is also the beauty of Cowan Bridge in summer—"a prospect of noble summits girdling a great hill-hollow, rich in verdure and shadow; a bright beck full of dark stones and sparkling eddies." Anyone who will visit Cowan Bridge, and will go over the scenes described, will see that the whole description in "Jane Eyre" is even photographically accurate. Nor was Charlotte's memory less reliable as regards the life lived at Cowan Bridge. The old rules of the school have been brought to light as regards garb and diet, and in every particular Charlotte's description is confirmed. It will be remembered that, on her admission, little Jane Eyre is asked her name, age, whether she could read, write, sew, etc.; and at Casterton, where the school now is, you have only to turn up in the old records the name of Charlotte Brontë to find that these were the precise questions which were put to her, and to see her answers duly entered. The child was little more than an infant when she went to Cowan Bridge; she remained there only nine months,* and she was never in the neigh-

* Mrs. Gaskell is wrong in saying that Charlotte and Emily were sent back to Cowan Bridge after Midsummer in spite of the death of their two sisters. The school register shows that they left on June 1st, 1825. Maria's death took place a fortnight before that date, and Elizabeth's a fortnight after.

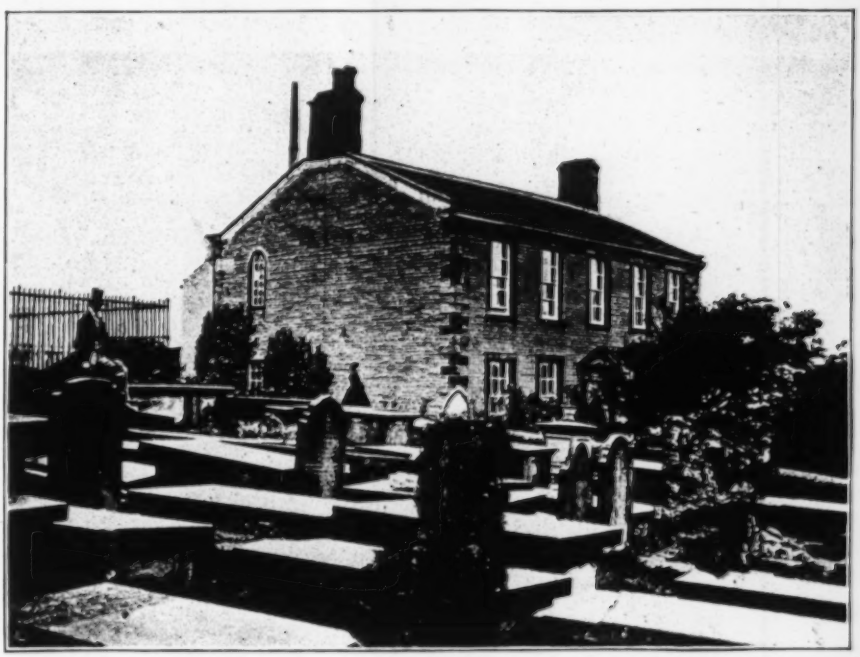


Photo J. J. Stead.

Old Parsonage, Haworth, as it was in the time of the Brontës.

"Haworth Parsonage is an oblong stone house, facing down the hill on which the village stands, and with the front door right opposite to the western door of the church, distant about a hundred yards. Of this space twenty yards or so in depth are occupied by the grassy garden, which is scarcely wider than the house. The graveyard lies on two sides of the house and garden. The house consists of four rooms on each floor, and is two stories high. When the Brontës took possession they made the larger parlour, to the left of the entrance, the family sitting-room, while that on the right was appropriated to Mr. Brontë as a study. Behind this was the kitchen; behind the former, a sort of flagged store room. Upstairs were four bed-chambers of similar size, with the addition of a small apartment over the passage, or 'lobby,' as we call it in the north. This was to the front, the staircase going up right opposite to the entrance. There is the pleasant old fashion of window seats all through the house; and one can see that the parsonage was built in the days when wood was plentiful, as the massive stair banisters and the wainscots, and the heavy window frames testify."—Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

Photo J. J. Stead. **The Brontë Waterfall, Haworth.**

bourhood again; and yet every detail remained fresh in her memory as though actually present.

This memory for scenes and facts is sufficiently remarkable. But there remains something still more wonderful to relate. It can be proved that when a child of eight Charlotte was able to read accurately the character of an adult whom she could have seen only occasionally, and that after the interval of nearly a quarter of a century she could give an exact picture of his moral idiosyncrasies and recall the very phrases he was accustomed to use—I refer to the "black marble clergyman," the Rev. Mr. Brocklehurst of "Jane Eyre," the Rev. W. Carus Wilson of real life.

It will be remembered that after the publication of "Jane Eyre" a fierce controversy broke out about this gentleman's character. Some, like the elderly clergyman who first recognised the portrait in the novel, asserted that "he deserved the chastisement he had got." Others declared that he had been slandered. His son-in-law maintained that Charlotte "saw the scenes of her childhood through the glass of her own imagination, and certainly under the colour of prejudice," and pronounced the portrait of Mr. Carus Wilson a wild caricature. So far as this controversy touches Mr. Wilson's motives we have nothing to do with it, except to acknowledge that his beliefs were sincere, and that his intentions throughout were undoubtedly good. Leaving motives aside altogether, we have only to ask, were Mr. Wilson's actions and opinions such as Charlotte has depicted? and were they such that if she had witnessed them when her intellect was matured she would have pronounced the same verdict as is recorded in "Jane Eyre"? To both these questions the answer is an emphatic affirmative. I base this answer upon an unpublished document which has lately been shown me, "Thoughts Suggested to the Superintendent and Ladies of the Clergy Daughters' School," written long after "Jane Eyre," and also upon certain published writings of Mr. Wilson which certainly could not have fallen into Charlotte's hands.

Mr. Wilson was a pious man who wished to be a real benefactor to the young whom he gathered into the school at Cowan Bridge. Yet there is no sober Christian in these days who would not agree that methods more unsuitable than his could not well have been devised. He wrote many books for the young, which show very clearly what manner of man he was. "Youthful Memoirs," published in 1828, is full of deathbed scenes of little children, all of whom speak an unnatural language, are precocious in prayer, and have a most unchildlike love of death—for instance, the boy of 3½ years, who, when asked whether he would choose death or life, replied, "Death for me! I am fonder of death." A local children's magazine called the *Children's Friend* (1826-1828), of which Mr. Wilson was the author rather than the editor, abounds in stories of sudden death and damnation. When these are not the themes, such subjects as the Horrors of the Plague or the Massacre of St. Bartholomew are chosen, and the terrible details—most unfit reading for little children—are even italicised. Another book is "First Tales," being stories in words of one syllable for infants, published two years after "Jane Eyre." Its suitability for little ones may be judged from the fact that in the very first page is a picture of a man being hanged, and the book opens: "Look there! Do you see a man hung by the neck?" These children's books—most of them grotesquely illustrated—have all a local character, and were undoubtedly intended in the first place for the pupils at Cowan Bridge.

A glance through these little volumes proves that the portrait in "Jane Eyre" is exact. The very expressions put into the mouth of the "black marble clergyman" may be found in them repeatedly. Let a few of the parallels serve. Mr. Brocklehurst says to Jane Eyre, "Children younger than you die daily. I buried a little child five years old only a day or two since—a good little child, whose soul is now in Heaven." "Youthful Memoirs" is full of the deathbeds of these good little children. He says to Jane, "You have a wicked heart, and you must pray God to change it; to give you a new and clean one: to take away your heart of stone and give you a heart of flesh." Almost the exact words occur in three of the stories; for example, Sarah Bickers says to a naughty companion that she "must humble her pride and pray to God, and He would be sure to take away her heart of stone and give her a heart of flesh." Mr. Brocklehurst says, "I have a little boy younger than you who knows six psalms by heart." There are a number of these little boys in "Youthful Memoirs" and the *Children's Friend;* one of them, aged eight, "Knew many of the most important parts of God's Word, and got by heart many portions of it, which he often repeated in the night while lying awake." Mr.

Brocklehurst says to Jane's aunt, speaking of Lowood, "Madam, she shall be placed in that nursery of chosen plants," etc., and in the "Thoughts Suggested to the Superintendent and Ladies," Mr. Wilson calls his school "a nursery for Christ's Spiritual Church on Earth, and a nursery for Heaven." Mr. Brocklehurst catechises Jane unpleasantly about the pit of fire and brimstone, and just such dialogues may be found in his books: these lines of his from the *Children's Friend* give succinctly the moral of many of his stories for children—

"'Tis dangerous to provoke a God
Whose power and vengeance none can tell;
One stroke of His almighty rod
Can send young sinners quick to hell."

At the close of the interview with Jane, Mr. Brocklehurst gives her a tract, entitled "The Child's Guide," containing "An account of the awfully sudden death of Martha G., a naughty child addicted to falsehood." One of his little stories actually is entitled, "An Awful History"; he did distribute just such tracts, for I have read one called "The Burnt Bible," of a most gruesome and bloodcurdling character; and he did not hesitate to terrify even the youngest children with these stories. In the *Children's Friend* he relates how a child, *three years of age*, "had its naughty will crossed by its mother and flew into a violent passion. She screamed and cried and stamped, and, dreadful to relate, it pleased God to strike her dead. How awful her state!" He even repeats this story with amplification in his Tales of one syllable for infants: "All at once God struck her dead, no time to pray, no time to call on God to save her soul. . . . Where is she now? We know that bad girls go to Hell. She is in a rage with herself now." Mr. Wilson really believed that a little dot, hardly old enough to walk, was doomed to eternal torments for getting into a pet. Charlotte's portrait of him is sober when placed beside the original.

It has been questioned whether the whipping scene in "Jane Eyre" represented a fact, and whether Mr. Carus Wilson could ever have advised the teachers "to punish the body to save the soul." But these books, both as regards illustrations and letterpress, seem, as one glances through, to bristle with canes and rods, and Mr. Wilson frequently insists on the necessity of corporal punishment. I quote one of his anecdotes because it seems to refer to some girl at Cowan Bridge. "A poor little girl who had been taken into a school was whipped. She asked, 'If they love us, why do they whip us?' A little girl of six replied, 'It is because they love us, and it is to make us remember what a sad thing sin is. God would be angry with them if they did not whip us.'"

No one, I am sure, could read Mr. Carus Wilson's "Thoughts Suggested to the Superintendent" without being astonished at the accuracy with which Charlotte Brontë has represented in "Jane Eyre" his aims and religious ideas. The document—which is earnest in tone—takes us into the very atmosphere of chapter VII. of "Jane Eyre." Every one remembers the scene in which Mr. Brocklehurst orders the curls to be cut off, and declares it his mission "to mortify in these girls the lusts of the flesh, and to teach them to clothe themselves with shamefacedness and sobriety." In his "Thoughts," written thirty-three years after Charlotte left Cowan

Photo J. J. Stead. **The Brontë Society's Museum at Haworth.**

Bridge, Mr. Wilson writes: "The pupils are necessarily put into a very simple and uniform attire. Many of them no doubt feel it. They have been unfortunately accustomed, perhaps, even to excess in this very prevailing and increasing love of dress, for, alas, clergymen's families are not exempt from the mania—not even the poorest. With me it was always an object to nip in the bud any growing symptom of vanity." Mr. Brocklehurst everywhere insists that the pupils should be "made useful and kept humble," and Mr. Wilson, in his final manifesto, says that the teacher must discountenance "trivial and useless work." The children are to be "brought up usefully, not tawdrily. . . . The tinsel and the varnish are of little moment compared with excellence in plain, useful work. . . . It will be a sorry look-out for a clergyman's daughter if she is sent out from the school, for instance, a first-rate performer in crochet and worsted work, and that sort of thing—however useful it may be—but unable to cut out and mend her own garments."

Let me repeat, these extracts—which might be increased indefinitely—are not given for the purpose of reopening the question of Mr. Carus Wilson's character. It may be that most people nowadays will think that his lights were dim, and his methods mistaken, but there can be no doubt about his conscientiousness and good intentions. My purpose is only to show how marvellously accurate was the insight into character and the memory for words and incidents of Charlotte Brontë when she was a little girl of eight. We have here a phenomenon quite as unaccountable as that of the "calculating boys" or the musical prodigies that from time to time have puzzled the world; and we see here one of the constituents of the genius which produced "Villette" and "Shirley."

THE BRONTËS AT THORNTON.

MY grandmother, Elizabeth Firth, was born on January 2nd, 1797. She was the only child of John Scholefield Firth, of Kipping House, Thornton, near Bradford, the house which, a century earlier, was the home of his ancestor, Dr. John Hall, a stalwart Independent, whose name is well known to the readers of Joseph Lister's Autobiography and Oliver Heywood's diaries. As a girl of eighteen she was keeping house for her father when in 1815 the Rev. Patrick Brontë removed from Hartshead to succeed the Rev. Thos. Atkinson as Incumbent of Thornton Chapel. Mr. Brontë had married at Hartshead (Dec. 29th, 1812) Miss Maria Branwell, of Penzance, and two daughters, Maria and a second infant, had been born to him before his removal to Thornton on 19th May, 1815. My grandmother naturally made speedy acquaintance with the new clergyman and his wife, and when the baby daughter (born at Hartshead on Feb. 8th) was christened at Thornton on August 26th, Mr. Firth was its godfather and Miss Firth was godmother, together with Miss Branwell, the child's aunt. It was probably in honour of my grandmother that the child was named Elizabeth. From this time onwards till the Brontës left Thornton for Haworth* there was constant friendly intercourse between the clergyman's family and the family at Kipping House (Mr. Firth had been married again, on 6th Sept., 1815, to Miss Ann Greame). During these years at Thornton all the rest of Mr. Brontë's children were born: Charlotte on April 21st, 1816; Patrick Branwell (called in my grandmother's diary on the day of his birth, Branwell Patrick) on June 26th, 1817; Emily Jane on July 30th, 1818; and Anne on Jan. 17th, 1820.

* "Life of Charlotte Brontë." Mrs. Gaskell, p. 36 (ed. 1891), states that the removal took place on 25th February, 1820. Curiously enough, under this very date, my grandmother writes, "Mr. Brontë was licensed to Haworth," but from subsequent entries it would seem that the Brontës still remained at Thornton for some time longer. On April 5th the entry in the diary is: "Took leave of Mr. Brontë before leaving home." It would seem that the Brontës left Thornton between this date and May 12th, when Miss Firth returned from Scarborough.

My grandmother was again godmother to Anne Brontë, and, as I have always been told, to Charlotte, though I do not find the latter fact recorded by herself. I have also heard that my grandfather, Mr. Franks, claimed to have been Charlotte's godfather.

During all the years from 1812 to 1820, my grandmother put down in the briefest and barest form in a pocket-book some fact for almost each day of her uneventful life. They are in a sense very insignificant entries; but such is the interest felt in that strange Brontë household that it seems almost worth while to put into print even the number of times that the Rev. Patrick Brontë went out to tea, if only to show that Mrs. Gaskell's picture of the stern man, unsocial in his habits, however true of the Haworth time, is not true of the years spent at Thornton. On September 15th, 1821, Mrs. Brontë died at Haworth. Mr. Firth had died on December 27th, 1819, and his daughter lived on at Kipping in her own right with her stepmother, to whom she evidently became much attached. At this time, according to a family tradition, Mr. Brontë wooed Miss Firth to be his second wife, and his letters to her were only destroyed just before the Miss Brontës became famous. It is interesting to surmise how the lives of the sisters and the history of English literature would have been affected if Mr. Brontë's income had been largely increased by the addition of Miss Firth's little fortune, and if his children had had the motherly care of one who, according to all accounts, was a most sweet and perfect woman. Perhaps literature gained by the sisters' loss; and it was necessary for them to learn in suffering what they taught in romance. Mr. Brontë did not succeed in his suit, perhaps because the lady's heart was already won. Miss Firth left her childhood's home on April 27th, 1824, and was married on the following 21st September to the Rev. James Clarke Franks, Vicar of Huddersfield, son of an old family friend, the Rev. James Franks, Incumbent of Sowerby Bridge, Halifax. I have a record that, on their wedding tour, Mr. and Mrs. Franks called to see the Miss Brontës at Cowan Bridge, where they were at the Clergy Daughters' School, directed by the Rev. William Carus Wilson, and in my grandmother's account book for September, 1824, there is the entry, "3 Miss Brontës, 2s. 6d. each." The letters from Charlotte Brontë and her father, which I include in this paper, show that Mrs. Franks' interest in the motherless girls was not lost. But already at the date of Charlotte's second letter, June 2nd, 1836, my grandmother's health had failed, in consequence of an

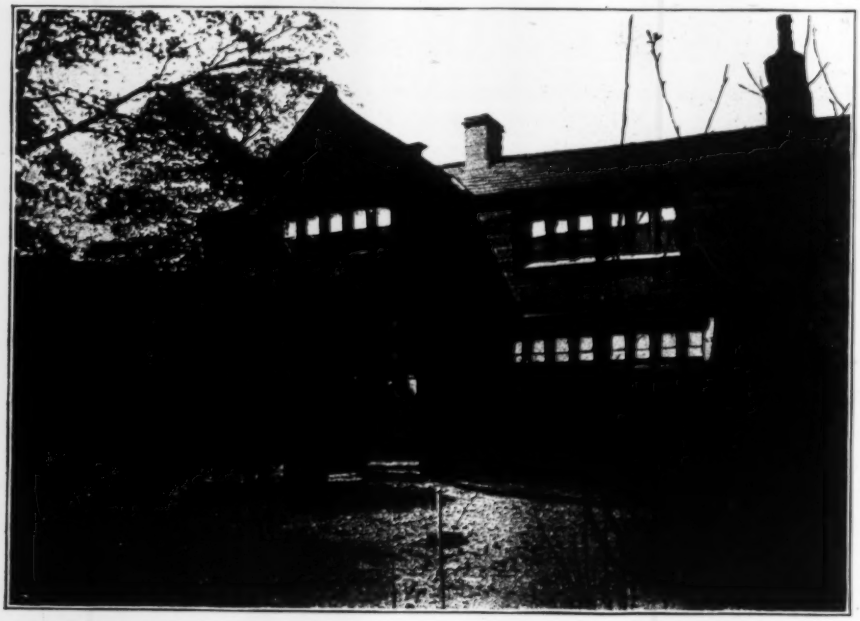


Photo J. J. Stead

Haworth Old Hall.

attack of the prevalent influenza in 1835, and she died when on a visit to her friend, Dr. Outhwaite, at Bradford, on 11th September, 1837.

There is a lady now living at an advanced age from whose bright intellect I had hoped to have gleaned a few memories of the early days recorded in Miss Firth's diary. But she was born, it seems, a few years too late. She writes: "My recollection of your grandmother is simply that she was the sweetest lady I have ever seen; but I think I only saw her once, on her return from her wedding trip. I only saw the Miss Brontës once, and had difficulty in realising one of those very queer girls as the authoress of 'Jane Eyre.'"

I append a few extracts from Miss Firth's diary which illustrate the life led by the Brontës at Thornton.

1815.
May 19—Mr. Brontë came to reside at Thornton.
June 7—I called at Mr. Brontë's.
,, 9—We met Mr. Brontë's family at Mr. Kay's.
,, 11—See St. Matthew, c. 13, vs. 3-9; The Parable of the Sower. The first time I heard Mr. Bronte preach.
,, 12—Mrs. Brontë and Miss Branwell called.
,, 14—Drank tea at Mrs. Brontë's.
,, 20—We had the Outhwaites, Brontës, and Miss M. Ibbotson to dinner.
Aug. 26—Sun. Mr. Brontë's second daughter was christened Elizabeth by Mr. Fennel. My papa was Godfather, Miss Branwell and I were Godmothers.
Sep. 6—My papa was married to Miss Greame at Bradford Church by Mr. Morgan. The bridal party dined at Exley and came here in the evening.
,, 20—Mr. Brontë and Mrs. Morgan drank tea here.
Oct. 25—We drank tea at Mr. Brontë's.
Dec. 12—Mr. Brontë called.
,, 25—Mr. Brontë took tea here.

1816.
Feb. 8—Elizabeth Brontë was a year old this day.
April 21—Sun. C. Brontë was born.
May 25—Mr. Brontë went to prayer with my papa.
,, 27—Mr. Brontë again. My papa was very ill.
July 17—We drank tea at Mr. Brontë's.
,, 18—The ladies assisted me in altering a gown.
,, 25—Mrs. Brontë and Miss Branwell drank tea here the last time.
,, 28—I took leave of Miss Branwell. She kissed me, and was much affected. She left Thornton that evening.

(In a Cash Account for Sept., 1816, occurs the entry, "Frock for one of the Brontës, 16s.")

1817.
May 9—Mr. Horsfall and Mr. and Mrs. Brontë's family dined here.
,, 13—My papa and Mr. Brontë went to Wakefield to vote for Mr. Scott. Stopped all night at Longlands.
June 26—Went to see Mrs. Brontë. Branwell Patrick was born early in the morning.
Nov. 6—I went to Bradford with Mr. Brontë.

1818.
April 20—We walked to Bradford with Mr. Brontë and returned the same evening.
May 19—Mr. Brontë, F. O.,* and I went to Agden Kirk.
June 29—F. O., Mr. Brontë, and I took tea at Mr. J. Ibbotson's.
July 30—Emily Jane Brontë was born.
Dec. 10—Mr. Brontë's to tea.
,, 11—We drank tea at Mr. Brontë's.
,, 17—I went to Bradford with Mr. Brontë.
,, 19—Came home with Mr. Brontë.

1819.
Jan. 8—M. E. and C. Brontë to tea.
Sep. 30—Mr. Brontë to breakfast. He and Mrs. Brontë to tea.
Oct. 4—The little Brontës called.

1820.
Jan. 17—Anne Brontë born. The other children spent the day here. (The Cash Account for Jan., 1820, contained the entry, "Gave at A. Brontë's christening, £1.")
Feb. 25—Mr. Brontë was licensed to Haworth.
Mar. 25—Anne Brontë was christened by Mr. Morgan. F. Outhwaite and I were Godmothers.
,, 31—Good Friday. No service.† We sat up expecting the Radicals.

The following letters will explain themselves. With the exception of No. V. they are in the possession of my cousin, Mr. H. E. Franks:—

Haworth, near Bradford, Yorkshire,
April 28th, 1831.

Dear Madam,—Having heard of your kind attention to Charlotte, I have taken the liberty of writing to thank both Mr. Franks and you for this, and to assure you that we have not forgotten, in our little family, your other various acts of kindness. Charlotte would be highly gratified. She still remembered, having seen you at Kipping, and has often heard us speak of you, whilst we took a retrospective view of good old times. I have just received a letter from our mutual friend, Miss Outhwaite, which has given me some uneasi-

* Miss Fanny Outhwaite, of Bradford, a schoolfellow and almost a sister to Miss Firth, stood with her as godmother to Anne Brontë, and left the latter £100 by will.

† I have been told that Mr. Brontë, who had seen the Irish Rebellion, by his prophecies of what was coming in England almost frightened Mr. Firth to death, so that he had all his windows barred up in consequence of Mr. Brontë's warnings.

Photo J. J. Stead. **Roe Head.**

Miss Wooler's school, where Charlotte Brontë went as a pupil in January, 1831, and as a teacher on July 29th, 1835.

Mrs. Brontë's Mother at the age of 55.

(Reproduced from "The Sketch," by kind permission of the London Electrotype Agency.)

Mrs. Brontë's Father at the age of 53.

(Reproduced from "The Sketch," by kind permission of the London Electrotype Agency.)

ness. It appears that some whose opinions I highly value greatly misunderstood my motives in being an advocate for temperate reform, both in Church and State. I am, in all respects, *now* what I *was* when I lived in Thornton—in regard to all political considerations. A warmer or truer friend to Church and State does not breathe the vital air. But after many years' mature deliberation, I am fully convinced that, unless the *real* friends of our excellent institutions come forward and advocate the cause of temperate reform, the inveterate enemies will avail themselves of the opportunity which this circumstance would give them, and will work on the popular feeling—already but too much excited—so as to cause, in all probability, general insurrectionary movements, and bring about a revolution. We see what has been lately done in France. We know that the Duke of Wellington's declaration against reform was the principal cause of the removal of him and the other Ministers from power. And there is now another instance before our eyes, of the impolicy of this perverseness. The Anti-Reformers have imprudently thrown the Ministers into a minority, and consequently Parliament is dissolved by the King in person, and in all probability another Parliament will soon be returned, which may be less particular than the other, and perhaps go too far in the way of reformation.

Both, then, because I think moderate or temperate reform is wanted, and that this would satisfy all wise and reasonable people, and weaken the hands of our real enemies, and preserve the Church and State from ruin, I am an advocate for the Bill which has been just thrown out of Parliament. It is with me merely an affair of conscience and judgment, and sooner than violate the dictates of either of these, I would run the hazard of poverty, imprisonment, and death. My friends, or some of them, at least, may differ from me as to the *line of conduct* which ought to be followed, but *our motives* and our *good wishes* towards Church and State are the same.

But to come nearer home. I have for nearly a year past been in but a very delicate state of health. I had an inflammation in my lungs last summer, and was in immediate and great danger for several weeks. For the six months last past I have been weak in body, and my spirits have often been low. I was for about a month unable to take the church duty. I now perform it, though with considerable difficulty. I am, certainly, a little better, yet I fear I shall never fully recover. I sometimes think that I shall fall into a decline. But I am in the Lord's hands, and hope that He will at the last give me a happy issue out of all my trouble, and take me for ever into His heavenly kingdom. We have been much concerned to hear from time to time that you have not been quite so strong as usual. It is our earnest wish and prayer that the Lord may support and comfort you, and spare you long and in mercy to your husband and your children. I have only been once at Kipping since I last saw you and Mrs. Firth there. The family were kind to me, but I missed my old friends, and I could not feel comfortable, and I soon departed, intending never to call again. Miss Branwell still continues with me, and kindly superintends my little family, and they all join with me in the kindest and most respectful regards. When you write to, or see Mrs. Firth, be so kind as to remember us all to her in the most respectful and affectionate manner. Be so good, also, as to thank Mr. Franks in our name for his kind attention to Charlotte, and believe me to be, Dear Madam, very respectfully and truly yours,

P. Brontë.

Roe-Head, *May*, 1831.

Dear Madam,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the parcel, which arrived the other day from Huddersfield, and to thank yourself for the frock and muslin and Miss Outhwaite for the shawl which she has so kindly sent me. My chilblains are quite well. I am sorry I was out when Mr. Atkinson called the other day. Pray give my love to Mrs. Firth and present my thanks to her for her welcome note. The Miss Woolers desire their kind respects to you; they are much obliged to Mr. Franks for the loan of "Keith on the Prophecies," with which they were greatly pleased. Accept, Dear Madam, my sincere thanks for all the kindness you have shown me, and permit me to subscribe myself, yours gratefully and affectionately, C. Brontë.

Has Mr. F. sent the Parcel to Mrs. Franks, Vicarage, Huddersfield?

Haworth, near Bradford, Yorkshire,
July 6th, 1835.

My Dear Madam,—As two of my dear children are soon to be placed near you, I take the liberty of writing to you a few lines in order to request both you and Mr. Franks to be so kind as to interpose with your advice and counsel to them in any case of necessity, and if expedient to write to Miss Branwell or me if our interference should be requisite. I will charge them strictly to attend to what you may advise, though it is not my intention to speak to them of this letter. They both have good abilities, and as far as I can judge their

ANNE BRONTË.

From a Water-colour Painting by Charlotte Brontë, in the possession of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls.

(Reproduced from Clement K. Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle.")

principles are good also, but they are very young, and unacquainted with the ways of this delusive and ensnaring world, and though they will be placed under the superintendence of Miss Wooler, who will, I doubt not, do what she can for their good, yet I am well aware that neither they nor any other can ever, in this land of probation, lie beyond the reach of temptation. It is my design to send my son—for whom, as you may remember, my kind and true friends Mr. Firth and Mrs. Firth were sponsors—to the Royal Academy for Artists in London, and my dear little Anne I intend to keep at home for another year, under her aunt's tuition and my own. For their dispositions I feel indebted, under God, to you, and Miss Outhwaite, and Mrs. Firth, and other kind friends, and for every act of kindness I feel truly grateful. It has given us all unfeigned pleasure to learn that your health is nearly restored, and that Mr. Franks and your dear little children are all well. Several years ago I saw in Bradford a fine little child of yours, whom I took into my arms and would have nursed, but it took the alarm, and would not stay with me; and so I was obliged to return it to Miss Outhwaite, to whom it placed greater confidence. My own health is generally but *very* delicate, yet through a gracious providence, and with great care, I am for the most part able to perform my various ministerial duties. Indeed, I have never been very well since I left Thornton. My happiest days were spent there. In this place I have received civilities, and have, I trust, been civil to all, but I have not tried to make any friends, nor have I met with any whose mind was congenial with my own. I have not been at Thornton or Kipping for many years. The last time I was there I travelled over some of my ancient paths, and thought of my dear wife and children whom death had removed, and when I was in the church, and reflected that my beloved friend, with whom I was wont to take sweet counsel, was beneath my feet, sadness came over my heart, and afterwards, as I walked round your garden, I called to mind *all* my dear friends who were removed from thence by the vicissitudes of life, and I soon found the *whole* aspect of affairs to be entirely changed, and so I returned home, fully intending to visit Thornton and Kipping no more, unless I should be in a great measure forced by reason of circumstances. I have heard, however, that some alterations, and perhaps a few improvements, have been made there. But of these you must know more than I do, as probably you often revisit the place of your nativity and the scenes of your early youth. Amidst all the chances, changes, and trials of this mortal life, we have still the glorious conviction on our minds that we may have our hope immovably anchored in heaven, by the Throne of God, in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. And I trust this blessed consideration will be a never-failing source of comfort to you during the remainder of your journey through life, and especially at that last hour when you will step out of time into eternity. We are now, as members of the Church of England, placed under peculiar trials, outwardly, from the numerous and inveterate enemies of both the Church and State, and we may have enemies within. Yet, still, if we look to the Lord in humility, patience, and faith, and use the appropriate Scriptural means, we shall at last come off more than conquerors over death and hell, and obtain houses, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Be so good as to give my very kind and respectful regards to Mr. Franks, and to my old and kind friends, Mrs. Firth and Miss Outhwaite, when you see them, and also excuse the trouble which I have here given you, and believe me, My Dear Madam, ever yours, very sincerely and truly,

P. Brontë.

Roe-Head, *June 2nd*, [illegible]

Dear Madam,—I have been obliged to delay answering your kind invitation until I could fix a time for accepting it. Till this morning Miss Wooler had not decided when her school should break up; she has now fixed upon Friday the 17th of this month for the commencement of the vacation. On that day, if all be well, Anne and I hope to have the very great pleasure of seeing you at Huddersfield. We are both extremely glad to hear that your health is at least partially recovered, and I *do* hope the fine weather we have recently had may contribute to confirm it. Changes, I have no doubt, have taken place in your little family since I last saw it. John must now be grown a very fine boy indeed, and dear little Henry and Elizabeth must also have risen some grades in the ascent of life. When I first heard of Miss Outhwaite's accident it shocked me much, but I trust her good constitution will soon get the better of its effects. I feel anxious to know how she recovers. We propose coming by the four or five o'clock coach on Friday afternoon and returning by an early morning coach on Monday, as papa, I fear, will scarcely be willing to dispense with us longer at home, even though we should be staying with so valued a friend as yourself. Excuse what is faulty in this hasty scrawl, My Dear Madam, and do not think me negligent in having so long delayed to answer your kind note, because I really could not help it. Accept my own and my sister's respectful and sincere love, and believe me to be, affectionately yours,

C. Brontë.

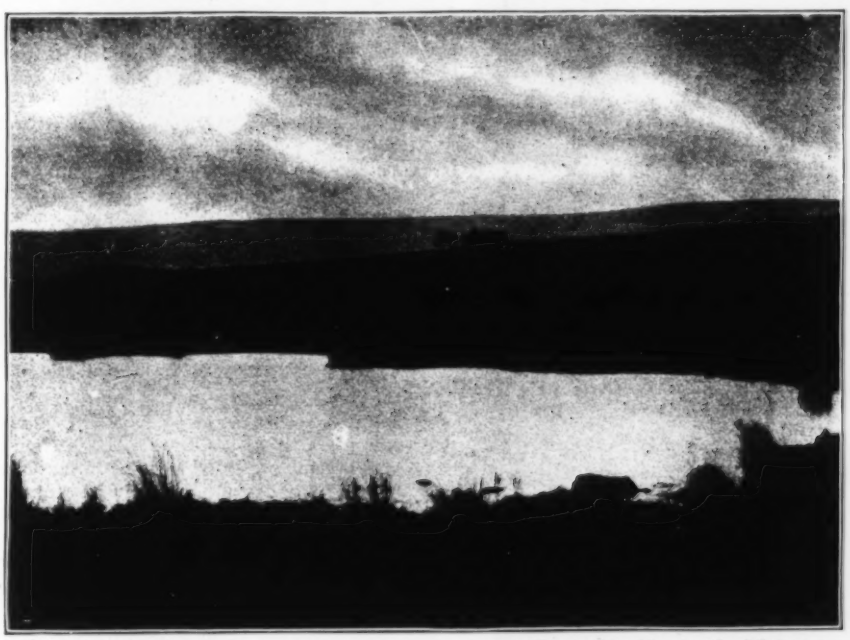


Photo J. J. Stead. **View on Haworth Moors.**

"Of all kinds of scenery the most permanently impressive, though whether it is to the earth or to the sky, to the eye or the ear we are most indebted, who but a poet can say? At all events, there the moors always were, with the purple of their summers, winter's trackless white, the cold promise of morning, and the glowing close of day, and at all times, now high, now low, sobbing, whispering, the

"'Undescribed sounds
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors.'
—Augustine Birrell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

Haworth, near Bradford, Yorkshire.
June 13, 1836.

My Dear Madam, — My dear little Charlotte has informed me that you and Mr. Franks have been so kind as to invite her and Anne to pay you a visit for a week, but that through impatience, as is very natural, they have curtailed that invitation to a few days. I have written to them to countermand this intention. I esteem it as a high privilege

The Gateway to the Garden of the Pensionnat in the Rue D'Isabelle (Rue Fossette of "Villette").

"Behind the house at the Rue Fossette there was a garden—large, considering that it lay in the heart of a city, and to my recollection at this day it seems pleasant: but time, like distance, lends to certain scenes an influence so softening; and when all is stone around, blank wall and hot pavement, how precious seems one shrub, how lovely an enclosed and planted spot of ground!"—"Villette."

(Reproduced from the Haworth Edition of "Villette," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

that they should be under your roof for a time, where, I am sure, they will see and hear nothing but what, under providence, must necessarily tend to their best interest in both the worlds. You I have long known; Mr. Franks' character I am well acquainted with through the medium of authentic report, and hence I come to this conclusion. I have written to Charlotte and Anne to this effect, but as my letter may not reach them (owing to a bye post) in due time, I will thank you to communicate to them this intelligence. I will send the horse and gig for them to your house, and if necessary they may return from thence by Roe-Head. In these sentiments Miss Branwell perfectly agrees with me, and at the same time joins with me and my family in the most respectful and kind compliments and regards to you and Mr. Franks, and to Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, when you see them. For many years I have visited no friends in Bradford, but having heard that our old friend Miss Outhwaite had broken her arm, I went over a few days ago to that town, where I saw those who awakened in me many lively recollections of "Auld Lang Syne." On some, perhaps on all, time had made a difference, but there was only *one* whom I did not at first recognise. They complimented me, in general, on *renewing* my age, but perhaps this was owing to their kind partiality. Sincerely and ardently wishing and praying for your health and happiness, both here and hereafter, I remain, My Dear Madam, your old friend and obliged servant, P. BRONTË.

A pencil drawing by Charlotte Brontë is in my keeping, given by her, no doubt, to my grandmother. It is executed on a card with an embossed frame, in the fine or finicky manner of the period, and represents a castle, with moat, bridge, trees, and two very badly drawn figures. It is inscribed in a flowing hand on the right of the foreground, "Ludlow Castle, Shropshire"; but more interesting is the "C. Brontë" in minute characters on the left. As has been said, my grandmother died on 11th September, 1837.

HAWORTH, NEAR BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE,
Jan. 10th, 1839.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—I have lately written to several clergymen, requesting that they would exert themselves to find for me a suitable clerical assistant. I have got a grant from the Pastoral Aid Society in case I can procure a man congenial with their sentiments, and who would be active as well as zealous. Their conditions, though not unreasonable, are somewhat strict—a good deal more so, I believe, than those are generally imposed by the Clergy Aid Society. Will you be so good as to give me your advice and assistance on this occasion? The Bishop, to whom I have applied, has been very kind and attentive to my case, and offers, if no better may be, to ordain on my nomination. I know not what your religious opinions may be on some particular points, but it is expedient that on this occasion I should candidly tell you some of mine, lest inconvenience might arise from a collision with my future assistant in our preaching and exhortation. As far as I know myself, I think I may venture to say that I am no bigot, yet I could not feel comfortable with a coadjutor, who would deem it his duty to preach the appalling doctrines of personal election and reprobation. As I should consider these decidedly derogatory to the attributes of God, so, also, I should be fearful of evil consequences to the hearers, from the enforcement of final perseverance as an essential article of belief. I am well aware that many clergymen, far wiser and better than I am, do not accord with me here, but as I freely leave them to the possession of their views, so I hope that they will kindly permit me to enjoy mine. I want for this region a plain rather than an able preacher; a zealous, but at the same time a judicious man, one not fond of innovations, but desirous of proceeding *on the good old plan*, which, alas! has often been *mar'd*, but *never improved*. I earnestly wish that some of the clergy in our excellent Establishment were as solicitous for improvement as they are for change, and that they would give less way to the hazardous, fitful air of popularity. The signs of the times in which we live are of ominous portent. Without our citadel we have numerous, vigilant, inveterate, and active enemies, and within, many who are utterly unsafe, either through shallow ignorance or evil design. Yet blessed be God, there has lately been an increase of men of great learning, genuine piety, and vast resources of the most valuable kind, and who are as willing as they are able to stand forward at all hazards in order to do their duty as ministers of the Gospel and good members of society. God and His Holy Word, too, are on our side, and thus, after all, it may prove ere long that the gloomy season we have may only be the immediate forerunner of an early dawn and a bright and cheering day.

I have written a longer letter than I intended, but I felt that I was addressing the late partner of one of the best and most esteemed friends that my family and I have ever had, and whose memory is still held in lively remembrance by us, though she is herself removed to another and a better world. All my little flock join with me in the kindest and most respectful regards to you and yours.—I remain, Rev. and Dear Sir, yours very truly, PATRICK BRONTË.

The Rev. J. C. FRANKS, Vicar of Huddersfield.

Probably from 1840, the date of my grandfather's leaving Huddersfield, there was no further intercourse between him or his children and the family of Haworth Parsonage.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW POEMS.*

By Ernest Rhys.

INSCRIBED to the memory of William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones, this new book by Mr. Swinburne recalls fragrant associations in art and poetry. It revives the heyday of those fellow-immortals when they were still singing and painting, and as one comes on poem after poem in the list dating back into last century, a definitely reminiscent air attaches itself to the music of the whole series, over fifty in all. Here it is an evening with the late Lord Leighton at Vichy, dating as far back as 1869, which supplies the reminiscence; and here the death of Christina Rossetti, or Mrs. Lynn Linton, or the eightieth birthday of George Frederick Watts. At every turn in the volume, one finds pages touched by this retrospective, memorial note :—

"Men, mightier than death which divides us,
Friends, dearer than sorrow can say,
The light that is darkness and hides us
Awhile from each other away,
Abides but awhile and endures not,
We know, though the day be as night,
For souls that forgetfulness lures not
Till sleep be in sight."

If these reverted pages lend to the book a personal emotion suggesting yesterday's men and events, rather than to-day's, it would be a mistake to think therefore that all is in the past, or written in commemorative vein. There is a very noble and remarkable lyric trilogy, near its opening—in some respects the most imaginative of the new poems—which is a triple song of the hawthorn tree, conceived as a symbol of all delightful and mutable things, and which, I suppose, must have been written as recently as anything in the volume. The beauty and radiance of the whitethorn were never cast in a more rapturous song; but there is a pity in the rapture, too, for like the snow and the seafoam, its blossom is among the most perishable and evanescent of mortal shows and apparitions. And yet, happily,

"Time gives it and takes it again and restores it: the glory, the wonder,
The triumph of lustrous blossom that makes of the steep sweet bank
One visible marvel of music inaudible over and under,
Attuned as in heaven, pass hence and return for the sun to thank."

This song of spring with its opening and closing sonnets of the promise and the passing of the hawthorn, the songs and lyrics of the charm and wonder of infancy, the naval songs, and a few absolutely individual sea-cadences, fill the pages that one is first tempted perhaps to quote. But in them all, whether it is because of the frequent quest in the accompaniment for the minor, or because one's own mood, that can reduce or exalt any poetry to its own key, will have it so, the undertone is, or seems, the same. Even the glory of storm in the title-poem, "A Channel Passage," subsides in a declining image, when the emotional pause comes :

"A thousand Phosphors, a thousand Hespers, awoke in the churning sea,
And the sweet soft hiss of them living and dying was clear as a tune could be;
As a tune that is played by the fingers of death on the keys of life or of sleep,
Audible alway alive in the storm, too fleet for a dream to keep."

This poem is dated 1855, but the date refers to the sea-episode it celebrates, and not to its final casting in the present form. It would not be safe to say that it expresses Mr. Swinburne in the latest practice of his lyric art; but pray note that though it is full of poetic energy, it does not make its successors seem less vehement or exuberantly figurative by contrast. Indeed, the really memorable things in this book are those which square best with the best poems of his earlier day; while some other things, which one could wish away, are not without their precedent too. For Mr. Swinburne, when he becomes the nation's medicine-man or attempts the tremendous feat of according the poet's and the preacher's rôle, is not doing to-day (as some critics suppose) what he never did before. His moral exuberance has always been with him a menace to his art. It is quite arguable that by such poems as "The Altar of Righteousness," where he uses speech that to many will seem blasphemous, the poet exhibits himself as the victim of an exceedingly, even an over, religious temperament, just as in other poems he betrays the symptoms of extreme political inflammation, a different result of the same cause.

Crimsworth Hall.

"I paused a moment on the lawn in front, and leaning my back against a tall tree which rose in the centre, I gazed with interest on the exterior of Crimsworth Hall.

"'Edward is rich,' thought I to myself. 'I believed him to be doing well—but I did not know he was master of a mansion like this.'"—"The Professor."

(Reproduced from the Haworth Edition of "The Professor," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

* "A Channel Passage, and Other Poems." By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 7s. (Chatto and Windus.)

However, one is not called upon to attempt a psychological study here of the author of "Poems and Ballads" and "Songs before Sunrise." It is quite enough to find again so much in this last book—latest, I hope, not last!—which brings vividly back the very resonance of the superb music of his prime—and that the music of one who is undoubtedly one of the four greatest lyric masters in English poetry. And for his devotion to his great forerunners, and his original service in the dramatic field, one could not have a better reminder than the series of the nine repeated prologues to old plays, which brings on the book to its mixed Shakespearean and memorial close. These lines are in the prologue which summons up Dekker, *e.g.*—

"He spake in England's ear the poor man's word."

There are others, eloquent and ample, in the poem on Shakespeare's "Afterglow" where the poet passes the great Elizabethans and their successors before him—Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford and Webster, and their golden kin—which leave one considering that their writer was in his mental texture, and in his poetic quality and defect, nearer those Elizabethans than our Victorian men. If that is so, the retrospective note may come none the less naturally from his lips now and in these pages; while on the last page of all it is good to find a characteristic solace, with the sea shining at the bottom of the long vista:

"The night is upon us, and anguish
Of longing that yearns for the dead,
But mourners that faint not or languish,
That veil not and bow not the head,
Take comfort to heart if a token
Be given them of comfort to be:
While darkness on earth is unbroken,
Light lives on the sea."

MR. WATTS-DUNTON ON HERBERT SPENCER AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

By James Douglas.

The following is a chapter from Mr. James Douglas's forthcoming book, "Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Novelist, Critic. A Biographical and Critical Study":—

OF course, in the office of an important literary organ there is always a kind of terror lest, in the necessary hurry of the work, a contributor should, as the saying is, "come down a cropper" over some matter of fact, and open the door to troublesome correspondents. As Mr. Watts-Dunton has said, the mysterious "we" must of necessity claim to be Absolute Wisdom, or where is the authority of the oracle? When a contributor "comes down a cropper," although the matter may be very unimportant, the editor cannot, it seems, and never could (except during the imperial *régime* of the *Saturday Review* under Cook) refuse insertion to letters of correction. Now, as Mr. Watts-Dunton has said, "the smaller the intelligence, the greater joy does it feel in setting other intelligences right." I have been told that it was a tradition in the office of the *Examiner*, and also in the office of the *Athenæum*, that Theodore Watts had not only never been known to "come down a cropper," but had even escaped the "critical gnats." This must have been a great comfort to both editor and publisher. One day, however, in an article on a poetical subject, speaking of the position that the poet Alexander Smith took in the early fifties, and contrasting it with the position that he took at the time the article was written, Mr. Watts-Dunton affirmed that once on a time Smith (the same Smith whom their own terrible "Z" had annihilated in the *Athenæum*) had been admired by Tennyson, and also that once on a time the great Herbert Spencer himself had compared a metaphor of Alexander Smith's with the metaphors of Shakespeare. The touchiness of Spencer was proverbial, and on the following Monday morning the editor got a curt note from the great man, in which he asked to be informed when and where he had compared a metaphor of Alexander Smith's with the metaphors of Shakespeare. The editor, taking for granted that the heretofore impeccable contributor had at last "come down a cropper," sent a proof of Spencer's letter to Mr. Watts-Dunton, and intimated that the letter had better be printed without any editorial comment at all. Of course, if Mr. Watts-Dunton had at last "come down a cropper," this would have been the wisest plan. But he returned the proof of the letter to the editor, with a footnote added to it in which Spencer's feathers were urbanely smoothed down. In courteous, not to say flattering terms, he declared that many years before, in a magazine article upon poetical style, Spencer had said that Smith's metaphor, "I speared him with a jest," had the true Shakespearean ring in it. Spencer told this to a friend, and with much laughter said, "Of course the article was Theodore Watts's. *I* had forgotten entirely what I had said about Shakespeare and Alexander Smith."

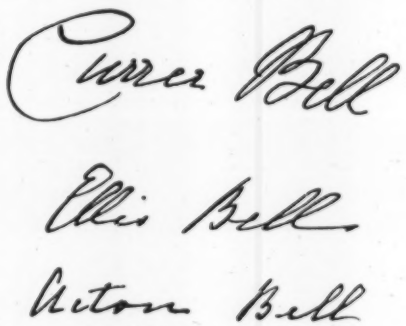


Photo J. J. Stead.

Three Original Autographs now in the Brontë Museum at Haworth.

"Averse to personal publicity, we veiled our own names under those of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell; the ambiguous choice being dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women."—Charlotte Brontë's Biographical Notice to "Wuthering Heights."

Another instance of the care and insight with which Mr. Watts-Dunton always wrote his essays is connected with Robert Louis Stevenson. It occurred in connection with "Kidnapped." I will quote here Mr. Watts-Dunton's own version of the anecdote, which will be found in the *Athenæum* review of the Edinburgh edition of Robert

The Forbidden Alley at the Pensionnat.

"An alley which ran parallel with the very high wall on that side the garden, was forbidden to be entered by the pupils. It was called indeed 'l'allée défendue,' and any girl setting foot there would have rendered herself liable to as severe a penalty as the mild rules of Madame Beck's establishment permitted. Teachers might indeed go there with impunity; but as the walk was narrow, and the neglected shrubs were grown very thick and close on each side, weaving overhead a roof of branch and leaf, which the sun's rays penetrated but in rare chequers, this alley was seldom entered even during day, and after dusk was carefully shunned."—"Villette."

(Reproduced from the Haworth Edition of Mrs. Gaskell's Life, by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

The Pensionnat in the Rue D'Isabelle (Rue Fossette of "Villette")

Where Charlotte and Emily Brontë went as pupils in February, 1842.

"In a very quiet and comparatively clean and well-paved street I saw a light burning over the door of a rather large house, loftier by a story than those round it. *This* might be the inn at last. I hastened on: my knees now trembled under me: I was getting quite exhausted.

"No inn was this. A brass-plate embellished the great porte-cochère: 'Pensionnat de Demoiselles' was the inscription; and beneath, a name, 'Madame Beck.'"—"Villette."

(Reproduced from the Haworth Edition of "Villette," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

Louis Stevenson's works. The playful allusion to the *Athenæum's* kindness is very characteristic:

Of Stevenson's sweetness of disposition and his good sense we could quote many instances; but let one suffice. When "Kidnapped" appeared, although in reviewing it we enjoyed the great pleasure of giving high praise to certain parts of that delightful narrative, we refused to be scared by Stevenson's friends from making certain strictures. It occurred to us that while some portions of the story were full of that organic detail of which Scott was such a master, and without which no really vital story can be told, it was not so with certain other parts. From this we drew the conclusion that the book really consisted of two distinct parts, two stories which Stevenson had tried in vain to weld into one. We surmised that the purely Jacobite adventures of Balfour and Alan Breck were written first, and that then the writer, anxious to win the suffrages of the general novel-reader (whose power is so great with Byles the Butcher), looked about him for some story on the old lines; that he experienced great difficulty in finding one; and that he was at last driven upon the old situation of the villain uncle plotting to make away with the nephew by kidnapping him and sending him off to the plantations. The *Athenæum*, whose kindness towards all writers, poets and prosemen, great and small, has won for it such an infinity of gratitude, said this, but in its usual kind and gentle way. This aroused the wrath of the Stevensonians. Yet we were not at all surprised to get from the author of "Kidnapped" himself a charming letter.

This letter appears in Stevenson's "Letters," and by the courtesy of Mr. Sidney Colvin and Mr. A. M. S. Methuen I am permitted to reprint it here:—

SKERRYVORE, BOURNEMOUTH.

DEAR MR. WATTS,—The sight of the last *Athenæum* reminds me of you, and of my debt, now too long due. I wish to thank you for your notice of "Kidnapped"; and that not because it was kind, though for that also I valued it; but in the same sense as I have thanked you before now for a hundred articles on a hundred different writers. A critic like you is one who fights the good fight, contending with stupidity, and I would fain hope not all in vain; in my own case, for instance, surely not in vain.

What you say of the two parts in "Kidnapped" was felt by no one more painfully than by myself. I began it, partly as a lark, partly as a pot-boiler; and suddenly it moved, David and Alan stepped out from the canvas, and I found I was in another world. But there was the cursed beginning, and a cursed end must be appended; and our old friend Byles the Butcher was plainly audible tapping at the back door. So it had to go into the world, one part (as it does seem to me) alive, one part merely galvanised: no work, only an essay. For a man of tentative method, and weak health, and a scarcity of private means, and not too much of that frugality which is the artist's proper virtue, the days of sinecures and patrons look very golden: the days of professional literature very hard. Yet I do not so far deceive myself as to think I should change my character by changing my epoch; the sum of virtue in our books is in a relation of equality to the sum of virtues in ourselves; and my "Kidnapped" was doomed, while still in the womb and while I was yet in the cradle, to be the thing it is.

And now to the more genial business of defence. You attack my fight on board the *Covenant*, I think it literal. David and Alan had every advantage on their side, position, arms, training, a good conscience; a handful of merchant sailors, not well led in the first attack, not led at all in the second, could only by an accident have taken the round-house by attack; and since the defenders had fire arms and food, it is even doubtful if they could have been starved out. The only doubtful point with me is whether the seamen would have ever ventured on the second onslaught; I half believe they would not; still the illusion of numbers and the authority of Hoseason would perhaps stretch far enough to justify the extremity.—I am, dear Mr. Watts, your very sincere admirer, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Mr. Watts-Dunton was always a warm admirer of Stevenson, of his personal character no less than his undoubted genius. But his admiration of Stevenson's work was more tempered with judgment than was the admiration of some critics. Greatly as he admired "Kidnapped" and "Catriona," there were certain of Stevenson's works for which his admiration was qualified, and certain others for which he had no admiration at all. His strictures upon the story which seems to have been the main source of Stevenson's popularity, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," were much resented by Stevensonians at the time, yet they are surely full of wisdom, for they specially show that wide sweep over the entire field of literature which is characteristic of all his criticism; and as they contain, besides, one of his many tributes to Scott I am tempted to give them here.

"Take the little story 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' the laudatory criticism upon which is in bulk, as regards the story itself, like the comet's tail in relation to the comet. On its appearance as a story, a 'shilling shocker' for the railway bookstalls, the critic's attention was directed to its vividness of narrative and kindred qualities, and though per-

Patrick Branwell Brontë.

"I have seen Branwell's profile: it is what would be generally esteemed very handsome; the forehead is massive, the eye well set, and the expression of it fine and intellectual; the nose, too, is good; but there are coarse lines about the mouth, and the lips, though of handsome shape, are loose and thick, indicating self-indulgence, while the slightly retreating chin conveys an idea of weakness of will. His hair and complexion were sandy."—Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Clement K. Shorter.)

fectly conscious of its worthlessness in the world of literary art, he might well be justified in comparing it to its advantage with other stories of its class and literary standing. But when it is offered as a classic—and this is really how it is offered—it has to be judged by critical canons of a very different kind. It has then to be compared and contrasted with stories having a like motive—stories that deal with an idea as old as the oldest literature—as old, no doubt, as those primeval days when man awoke to the consciousness that he is a moral and a responsible being—stories whose temper has always been up to now of the loftiest kind.

"It is many years since, in writing of the 'Parables of Buddhaghosha,' it was our business to treat at length of the grand idea of man's dual nature, and the many beautiful forms in which it has been embodied. We said then that, from the lovely modern story of Arsène Houssaye, where a young man, starting along life's road, sees on a lawn a beautiful girl and loves her, and afterwards—when sin has soiled him—finds that she was his own soul, stained now by his own sin; and from the still more impressive, though less lovely modern story of Edgar Poe, 'William Wilson,' up to the earliest allegories upon the subject, no writer or story-teller had dared to degrade by gross treatment a motive of such universal appeal to the great heart of the 'Great Man, Mankind.' We traced the idea, as far as our knowledge went, through Calderon, back to Oriental sources, and found, as we then could truly affirm, that this motive—from the ethical point of view the most pathetic and solemn of all motives—had been always treated with a nobility and a greatness that did honour to literary art. Manu, after telling us that 'single is each man born into the world—single dies,' implores each one to 'collect virtue,' in order that after death he may be met by the virtuous part of his dual self, a beautiful companion and guide in traversing 'that gloom which is so hard to be traversed.' Fine as this is, it is surpassed by an Arabian story we then quoted (since versified by Sir Edwin Arnold)—the story of the wicked king who met after death a frightful hag for an eternal companion, and found her to be only a part of his own dual nature, the embodiment of his own evil deeds. And even this is surpassed by that lovely allegory in Arda Viraf, in which a virtuous soul in Paradise, walking amid pleasant trees whose fragrance was wafted from God, meets a part of his own dual nature, a beautiful maiden, who says to him, 'O youth, I am thine own actions.'

"And we instanced other stories and allegories equally beautiful, in which this supreme thought has been treated as poetically as it deserves. It was left for Stevenson to degrade it into a hideous tale of murder and Whitechapel mystery—a story of astonishing brutality, in which the separation of the two natures of the man's soul is effected not by psychological development, and not by the 'awful alchemy' of the spirit-world beyond the grave, as in all the previous versions, but by the operation of a dose of some supposed new drug.

"If the whole thing is meant as a horrible joke, in imitation of De Quincey's 'Murder considered as One of the Fine Arts,' it tells poorly for Stevenson's sense of humour. If it is meant as a serious allegory, it is an outrage upon the grand allegories of the same motive with which most literatures have been enriched. That a story so coarse should have met with the plaudits that 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' met with at the time of its publication—that it should now be quoted in leading articles of important papers every few days, while all the various and beautiful renderings of the motive are ignored—what does it mean? Is it a sign that the 'shrinkage of the world,' the 'solidarity of civilisation,' making the record of each day's doings too big for the day, has worked a great change in our public writers? Is it that they not only have no time to think, but no time to read anything beyond the publications of the hour? Is it that good work is unknown to them, and that bad work is forced upon them, and that in their busy ignorance they must needs accept it and turn to it for convenient illustration? That Stevenson should have been impelled to write the story shows what the 'Suicide Club' had already shown, that underneath the apparent health which gives such a charm to 'Treasure Island' and 'Kidnapped,' there was that morbid strain which is so often associated with physical disease.

"Had it not been for the influence upon him of the healthiest of all writers since Chaucer—Walter Scott—Stevenson might have been in the ranks of those pompous problem-mongers of fiction and the stage who do their best to make life hideous. It must be remembered that he was a critic first and a creator afterwards. He himself tells us how critically he studied the methods of other writers before he took to writing himself. No one really understood better than he Hesiod's fine saying that the muses were born in order that they might be a forgetfulness of evils and a truce from cares. No one understood better than he Joubert's saying, 'Fiction has no business to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality; in literature the one aim is the beautiful; once lose sight of that, and you have the mere frightful reality.' And for the most part he succeeded in keeping down the morbid impulses of a spirit imprisoned and fretted in a crazy body.

"Save in such great mistakes as 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' and a few other stories, Stevenson acted upon Joubert's excellent maxim. But Scott, and Scott alone, is always right in this matter—right by instinct. He alone is always a delight. If all art is dedicated to joy, as Schiller declares, and if there is no higher and more serious problem than how to make men happy, then the 'Waverley Novels' are among the most precious things in the literature of the world."

New Books.

MISS CORELLI'S "AMARYLLIS."*

Virgil tells the simple love story of Dido and Æneas in seven hundred lines. Miss Corelli spends on John Walden's sport with Amaryllis in the shade, more than six hundred pages. But those who read Virgil are a lessening few, while crowds will wring out to the last syllable every word which their favourite author has given them. An accomplished man, who does not write reviews, observed not long ago, "The popularity of Miss Corelli is to me an insoluble problem." May we not reply that he was thinking of what used to be called literature? If not of the Æneid, yet of George Eliot or George Sand? He may have been one of those "literary-clique stylists," whom, in a defiant prologue, Miss Corelli challenges as "more than ready to condemn a book without reading it." Alas, what is it to read a book? Life is short; John Walden is very long. If I may try for the relief which, says our author, is supposed to come from frankness in the confessional, I will admit—*mea culpa*—that I have skipped much of Bainton, nearly all Mrs. Spruce, everything I saw of Josey Leatherbarrow after his triumphant

* "God's Good Man: a Simple Love Story." By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)

visit to the Manor, many nightingales or other singing-birds, a whole Covent Garden of flower beds, and some of John's soliloquies when he was falling in love. On the other hand, I have made my own, and entirely agree with, Miss Corelli's denunciations of motor-cars, the "smart set," Bridge on Sunday, Englishwomen who smoke, absentee landlords, atheistic clergymen, and the murder of dogs by furious drivers on the high roads. I am a little more doubtful whether an American Duchess or two might not be tolerated under strict conditions. And I think so notable a preacher need not have been always hard on her own "ministers," as she delights to name them. Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; but what occasion was there to insinuate that any considerable number of the clergy, Anglican or Nonconformist, would be lingering out their seven years' penal servitude, if they had their due? Is the clerical profession worse than the legal? What do courts and judges say? And what would be our feeling if a writer constantly declared that all the crimes committed in England were the fault of lawyers and policemen?

John Walden was "minister of the parish" down at St. Rest. Vicar, I presume, not rector; but he had purchased the advowson, restored the church, discovered a saint in a sarcophagus which he, very properly, would not open, and at the age of forty was unmarried. To him enter Maryllia—which I construe as the anagram of Amaryllis—who owns the manor, but has lived abroad with her aunt's American millions. Those millions may be her own, if she will accept Lord Roxmouth, heir to the Duke of Ormistoune, and an unsavoury member of the smart set. To escape him, she has fled back into her childhood's home. Thus we have the play-bill spread out before us when the curtain rises; a hackneyed but effective situation. It is clear that two solutions are possible. Maryllia is on her trial. Should she marry Roxmouth, we end with a tragic discomfiture, dear to Balzac and the American divorce-court at Council Bluffs. She is, however, not a London "soul" vowed to wickedness, but an innocent, bright, and essentially unspoilt creature, without religion, yet capable of learning it from a man like John Walden. Her entrance is, in itself, pretty, were it not huddled up in the curious village comedy—made on a pattern supplied by old Drury Lane—of the Spruces and the Baintons; such a chorus with its tags and Daily Telegraphese that, happily, it will never be heard or seen outside this fanciful kingdom of the novelist. The publishers describe "God's Good Man" as a romance of "extraordinary vivacity and charm." That is great praise. For myself, a difficulty springs up when I catch the uneducated accents of Mrs. Spruce—are housekeepers of "stately homes" quite so wanting in grammar?—and the villain, Oliver Leach, is not a land agent, but a property of melodramatic staging. The villagers who could believe in that had lived in a village? We must allow accidents, or what may serve in their place, on the hunting-field; heroines are by tradition frail and subject to accidents. Yet the last chapters will frighten no friend of Maryllia; we all know that a miraculous Italian doctor will come when he is wanted. The rose-window is sure to be filled in; but John has to play his part of the despairing lover.

No, the case required neither villain nor mishap. I can fancy George Sand taking up this plot, the like of which, allowing for differences, we may follow in "Le Meunier d'Angibault," and in "Jean de la Roche." How vivacious and charming would have been her Cecily Bourne, the young cantatrice! Not that Cecily is other than the liveliest figure in these luxuriant pages. Her Julian Adderly would have touched our hearts; and he is not without good points here, though somewhat sketchy, among the impossible rustics of St. Rest. Maryllia, with her always beautiful gowns and consummate grace, would be more like truth if she were not so much of an *ingénue*—for she knows perfectly well both how she dresses, and how she looks. It is here that some natural art, sweeping off the board these ready-made phrases, and toning down colour, would have been desirable. For Maryllia, despite her odd name, was worth painting, and not with Lady Beaulyon's cosmetics. But the crowd that have sorrowed with Satan, or glorified Barabbas and the religion of electricity, worship unmistakable dyes. What do they care for great creating Nature?

In the defiant prologue above mentioned, we are told that "for this humble love story, no man will be the wiser, and no woman the worse." Let us hope so, as regards the feminine reader. Yet a man, I trust, may learn something too. For example, it will be enlightening when he reads that Sunday is "the seventh day of the week," whereas the New Testament calls it the first, and never the Sabbath. In no book but this will he find a dog that quotes Scripture. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," thinks John Walden's terrier, well named Nebuchadnezzar. To the biologist it will be information that the minister had "mental and moral hairs on his skin"; and to the psychologist that he was tormented by "brain-devils." A singular question would have arisen for any Catholic priest in the matter of Bishop Brent. This excellent person, John's old friend, was also his bishop, and veered between opposite points of the compass; yesterday all but an agnostic, to-day almost willing to bow before the Roman superstition. What Rome had to do in so simple a love story, I cannot comprehend; but there are secrets of the book-market, and this may be among them. At all events, Bishop Brent discloses to John his Romeward oscillations; and John, like a man, rebukes his bishop with an exhilarating severity. For many things I confess to hard thoughts about Miss Corelli's romances; but this one scene absolves her from at least half of them; a partial, if not a plenary, indulgence is due to the bold stroke which reverses the dramatist's rule absolute of the bishop dealing with criminous clerks. However, Walden himself is catechised by Amaryllis before she weds. I grieve to say that, while John is no agnostic like his bishop, he turns out, quite needlessly, to be a sort of Unitarian. He might have remained orthodox; it could have made no difference to the marriage ceremony. Last of all, a High Churchman will smile on reading that Walden "set to work to get through his parish business for the evening, in order to have time to de-

Photo J. J. Stead. **A Brontë Group.**

From a rough painting by Branwell Brontë, representing himself and his three sisters, Charlotte, Emily and Anne. The birds on the table and the gun in his hand show the artist's sporting proclivities.

vote to Maryllia next day." As everyone quotes the Bible in this edifying volume, may we not be reminded of some verses in St. Paul to the Corinthians? But John Walden was a good man. Where, by the bye, did they live after their wedding-day—in the parsonage or at the Manor House? We ask, but the curtain falls, and we are left questioning.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS: HER FRIENDS AND FOES.*

The parish in which Mr. Odom ministers was at one time embraced in the great Sheffield Park, and the long captivity which the Queen of Scots endured at Sheffield has naturally led him to take a keen interest in her story, in everything relating to her, and in the men and women with whom she came in contact or by whom her lot was influenced. To this study, the leisure of nearly four years of an otherwise busy enough life has been ungrudgingly, or rather cheerfully, devoted; and to him this study has not been the serious pursuit of a labour of love, but the gratification of a pleasant hobby. He makes no pretence to original research, nor does he claim to have made any fresh discoveries; but he has read many books on the Queen and her period, and has taken copious notes. These notes he has freely used, so freely indeed that a cursory examination might lead one to believe that this volume was mainly if not merely a collection of extracts, carefully chosen and not unskilfully arranged. Mr. Odom, be it said, is not a partisan, and he has honestly tried to set the main facts of Mary's life in a clear light, and has alike avoided dry documents and bitter controversy. His is, indeed, an innocent, harmless, sympathetic book, which will shock no one; and that can be said of comparatively few of the innumerable works on the Queen of Scots. Some trifling errors have crept into the text. In his description of the Mermaid-Mary placard, the letters I. H. are said to be Darnley's initials, whereas they are Bothwell's. Borthwick Castle is said to be about two miles from Edinburgh, whereas it is twelve. The Queen is said to have been imprisoned in Lochleven Castle more than twelve months, while in reality she was only there for ten and a half. There are nearly thirty illustrations in the volume, and most of them are very good.

A FRENCH PRETENDER.†

Until this story was put into my hands, not a line of its author's inditing had ever come before me. I understood that Mr Merriman ranked high with the novel-reading public, who bought his books in many impressions. From chance advertisements one could learn that he managed a picturesque, as well as a careful style; and he was described as possessing that rare gift, originality in dealing with known situations. "The Last Hope" is posthumous; but I cannot perceive any lack of those touches that correspond to varnishing a picture before it is exhibited. Every stroke which the artist intended seems to have been given. Certainly nothing could be taken away from a design thus wrought; whether anything might, or should, be added is a very delicate question. I conclude that canvas, figures, proportions, and general effect are such as were meant from the beginning. And I ask myself how would they please a spectator who was no more acquainted with Mr. Merriman's other achievements than I happen to be?

"The Last Hope" is one of those novels which refuse to be embroidered, limit themselves to a group of characters without under-plot, tell the story in as few words as possible, and leave moralising to the reader. Such technique is eminently French; and so is the tale itself; but while the handling reminds us almost of Racine in its choice brevity, the colour is modern and romantic. As soon as I perceived that another of those Pretenders who counterfeited the Dauphin, Marie Antoinette's unhappy son, was in question, I felt tempted to close the book. These Naundorfs and de Richemonts have been wearisome, far beyond any Perkin Warbecks or False Dimittis that ever decked themselves in a murdered prince's trappings. But a few more pages made it clear that, however flimsy the fiction of an escaped Louis XVII. might be, in this case elements would enrich and quicken it from the artist's imagination. Louis XVII. died mysteriously; yet, supposing he had been rescued, as many thought, a hundred different versions of the consequences were possible. Whether he did escape, and found a home in England, somewhere on its eastern shores, in a sleepy village of fishing-folk; whether, marrying and dying there, he left a son who was in bearing, speech, and countenance a true type of Bourbon; and how this young man would behave on learning his pedigree, is an obvious problem such as Browning might play with from every point of view. That, however, turns out to be only a first misleading act. The stress and tragedy of this "Last Hope" are not there. Suppose an heroic youth caught up into this legend, tangled in it before he knew how to defend himself, and presented to the great Legitimist houses in France as their King, what then? He might suddenly be convinced of the dreadful truth which he had not seen into, and a tragic situation arise hereupon. How it was met and vanquished (or the reverse) is told effectively enough in chapters that are by turns doggedly English and French, with a sparkle in them. I decline to anticipate the story. A catalogue of its persons might be given, perhaps. Then Loo Barebone, the heroic youth, would come first; the two women follow, Miriam over against Juliette; behind them, a pair of villains, Dormer Colville and Turner; while M. de Gemosec and Captain Clubbe brought up the rear. All firm, strong draughtsmanship; undeniable yet

Photo J. J. Stead. **Blake Hall, Mirfield (Grassdale Manor).**

Where Anne Brontë was governess in 1837.

"My heart sank within me to behold that stately mansion in the midst of its expansive grounds. The park as beautiful now, in its wintry garb, as it could be in its summer glory: the majestic sweep, the undulating swell and fall, displayed to full advantage in that robe of dazzling purity, stainless and printless—save one long, winding track left by the trooping deer—the stately timber-trees with their heavy-laden branches gleaming white against the dull, grey sky; the deep encircling woods; the broad expanse of water sleeping in frozen quiet; and the weeping ash and willow drooping their snow-clad boughs above it—all presented a picture, striking indeed, and pleasing to an unencumbered mind, but by no means encouraging to me."—"The Tenant of Wildfell Hall."

* "Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots: Her Friends and Her Foes. A Review of her Life and Times, including fourteen years of captivity in Sheffield." By the Rev. W. Odom. 7s. 6d. net. (Bell and Sons.)

† "The Last Hope." By Henry Seton Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

Photo J. J. Stead.

Hollows Cottage.

The residence of Mr. William Cartwright, the Robert Gérard Moore of "Shirley."

"Such was Mr. Moore's home—a snug nest for content and contemplation, but one within which the wings of action and ambition could not long lie folded."—"Shirley."

Photo J. J. Stead.

Oakwell Hall, Birstall
(The Fieldhead of "Shirley").

"The old latticed windows, the stone porch, the walls, the roof, the chimney-stacks, were rich in crayon touches and sepia lights and shades."—"Shirley."

Law Hill (Wuthering Heights).

"Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr. Heathcliff's dwelling, 'Wuthering' being a significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather. Pure, bracing ventilation they must have up there at all times, indeed; one may guess the power of the north wind blowing over the edge, by the excessive slant of a few stunted firs at the end of the house; and by a range of gaunt thorns all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun. Happily the architect had foresight to build it strong: the narrow windows are deeply set in the wall, and the corners defended with large jutting stones."

(Reproduced from the Haworth Edition of "Wuthering Heights," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

Ponden Hall (The Thrushcross Grange of "Wuthering Heights").

"I asked Mrs. Dean why Heathcliff let Thrushcross Grange, and preferred living in a situation and residence so much inferior. 'Is he not rich enough to keep the estate in good order?' I inquired.

"'Rich, sir!' she returned. 'He has nobody knows what money, and every year it increases. Yes, yes, he's rich enough to live in a finer house than this: but he's very near—close-handed; and, if he meant to flit to Thrushcross Grange, as soon as he heard of a good tenant he could not have borne to miss the chance of getting a few hundred more.'"

(Reproduced from the Haworth Edition of "Wuthering Heights," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

not quite satisfying; we see round these characters, but not very deep into their hearts. As a subject, there is no fault to be found with it; the execution is admirable, the wit, humour, sound sense equal to demand. Nevertheless, something is away which makes the difference between enthusiasm and esteem in a fair critic. Perhaps the book should have been a theatre-piece, a prose-tragedy calculated for the stage. It is a libretto, hardly expanded, with definite scenes, but not, as I feel, that suggestion of a walk through life which it is the novelist's duty and privilege to convey.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.*

The short essays comprising this little volume have no other unity than that they are critical papers dealing with foreign writers. But the subjects chosen are representative of some of the most interesting literary developments now in course of evolution, with which every student of letters must reckon. Mr. Courtney does not exaggerate, though he is sometimes unnecessarily apologetic for, the English antipathy to the literature of mysticism and decadence. In criticism nothing certainly succeeds like caution, and it is doubtful if the laugh will ultimately be with those who, foolishly usurping the prerogative of critics fifty years hence, hail Maeterlinck as the "Flemish Shakespeare," and find unimaginable beauties symbolically set forth in the dirtiest pages of D'Annunzio. This is of course an old story. The history of criticism records instances innumerable of purblind misappreciation, but it is not always remembered that it also records the misadventures of not a few supposedly lynx-eyed critics, who were proved in the long run to be only short-sighted, and to have mistaken the light that hovers over a marsh for that of a fixed star.

Mr. Courtney has done us excellent service in recapturing these fugitive essays. He treats of authors concerning some of whom there must necessarily be violent differences of opinion. But they are all of them artists of renown—men of "European reputation," whose theories of art we may canvas, but whom not to know is to argue oneself insular. Than Mr. Courtney no one could wish a more skilful interpreter. Whether he is dealing with Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, or Tolstoy, he holds the critical balance firmly; he writes with enthusiasm and charm, and indisputable knowledge; he is entirely successful, in a course of very difficult navigation, in avoiding the rocks of extravagant eulogy and insular dispraise.

The first place in the book is assigned to Maurice Maeterlinck, whose development is traced with remarkable skill. The only doubt is whether the analysis is not too precise to have an exact counterpart in fact. Does any artist develop in this orderly and methodical way from play to play? Mr. Courtney's hypothesis is engagingly simple, but developmental theories in literature require an infinite capacity for overlooking awkwardly opposing facts. In tracing this supposed development Mr. Courtney has indeed fallen into the error which he generally avoids—he takes his author a little too seriously. But the general criticism of Maeterlinck is admirable, and full of suggestive and sensible writing.

In dealing with decadents such as Rodenbach, Mr. Courtney is perhaps too courteous. He says truly that "reason has nothing to do with the question, because the essence of the rational life is self-control." An excellent saying this, and one that goes to the very root of all the literature of decadence. But sometimes his note is more hesitating. He confesses that English criticism is wont "to shelter itself behind the Nonconformist conscience"—when opposed to Maupassant, D'Annunzio, and Maeterlinck. He cites Fielding as a proof that once upon a time in England we did not shirk the dangers of realism. The citation is scarcely just. Fielding and Richardson depicted normal men and women, subject to normal human passions. Between their characters and those of men like Rodenbach rise the walls of an asylum. The antithesis, in short, is not between two views of art, but between art and pathology. It is surely an over-statement to speak of these neuropaths, gifted with a sense for style, however fine, as "new and disturbing apparitions which are making us review all our artistic canons." Is there any need to equip ourselves with new critical machinery? It is just possible that if the mill does not seem to work well the fault lies in the quality of the grist.

The short studies on the Russian novelists, from Turgenieff to Gorky, are models of condensed criticism. Though the reason for it is obvious and sound, it is impossible not to regret the small proportion of space allotted to this subject. For here Mr. Courtney is seen at his best, and his criticism is free of any taint of special pleading. Devotees of Tolstoy will not like the handling of the prophet. But it was a Russian critic who was responsible for the definition, which Mr. Courtney very properly endorses, of Tolstoy as "a literary artist who chooses to pose as a neo-Christian hermit." Nor will they approve of the summing-up, with its perfectly just tribute to the fascination of the author of "On the Eve." "Some day or other a proper study of the Russian novel may be produced in English, and then it will be found, I think, that though not so dramatic as Dostoieffsky, nor so deliberate as Tolstoy, Turgenieff is far and away the greatest artist."

* "The Development of Maurice Maeterlinck, and Other Sketches of Foreign Writers." By W. L. Courtney. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

MR. MAX PEMBERTON'S NEW ROMANCE.*

For his latest romance Mr. Max Pemberton has gone back to the last days of the Venetian Republic, and gives us vivid

* "Beatrice of Venice." By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

and illuminating glimpses of Napoleon's campaign in Italy. Apart from its picturesque historical colouring, it is the story of two women and a man. The man, Gaston, Comte de Joyeuse, a French officer of Hussars, has been sent by Napoleon on a mission into Venice, and meets there and falls desperately in love with Beatrice, Marquise de St. Remy, a beautiful Venetian lady, widow of a French nobleman. Earlier, he had met in Venice with Bianca, the daughter of Francis Pesaro, the senator, but his admiration of her was a transitory sentiment; whereas her love of him grew, and her open avowal of it continued after his passion for Beatrice had made him indifferent to all other women. In Venice, where the hatred of the people for their virtual conquerors is a source of daily, almost hourly menace to him, and he is never safe from the murderous stiletto of some lurking bravo, Beatrice, when his peril becomes so imminent that he has been marked for assassination, gets him into her palace by a ruse, and keeps him a prisoner there in his own despite and for his own safety. Later, in Verona, when he is stricken down, wounded and fainting, in the street in the thick of a revolutionary outbreak, it is Bianca who saves him, and he recovers consciousness to find he is in her father's house and she is nursing him. He shrinks from her manifest regard, and is eager to escape from her care, yet malicious tongues carry news of his whereabouts to Beatrice, and misrepresent the occasion of his being there, in the hope of rousing her jealousy and turning her heart against him.

It is one of the best novels, if it is not actually the best, that Mr. Pemberton has ever given us. It is ingeniously contrived, and written carefully and with ripe imaginative power. The characterisation is remarkably good, and the story is so closely packed with intrigue, exciting adventure and surprising incidents that the interest of it never flags anywhere for a moment. The sixteen illustrations by Mr. Frank Dadd, R.I., are excellent examples of his work, and catch the spirit of the romance very cleverly.

LEYCESTER'S COMMONWEALTH.*

The first edition of this railing accusation against Queen Elizabeth's prime favourite was printed so long ago as 1584, under the title: "The Copie of a Leter wryten by a Master of Arte of Cambridge, to his Friend in London, concerning some talke past of late between two worshipful and grave men, about the present state and some procedinges of the Erle of Leycester and his friendes in England." It bore no author's name, nor printer's, nor place of publication. In the following year it re-appeared in a French version, and also in a Latin one. The book was rigorously suppressed, and so many copies were seized and destroyed, that others were secretly made in manuscript for private circulation in England, with the curious result, pointed out by Mr. Burgoyne, that there are "many more contemporary manuscript copies now in existence than copies of the printed book." Three editions were issued in 1641—one in quarto, and two in small octavo—the title being: "Leycester's Common-wealth: conceived, spoken and published with most earnest protestation of all dutifull good will and affection towards this realm, for whose good onely it is made common to many." It was again published in 1706 with the title: "Secret Memoirs of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Prime Minister and Favourite of Queen Elizabeth: containing an instructive account of his ambition, designs, intrigues, excessive power; his engrossing the Queen, with the dangerous consequence of that practice, etc. Written during his life, and now published from an old manuscript never printed. To which is added a preface by Dr. Drake." Other editions were issued, it seems, in 1708 and 1721. Mr. Burgoyne has followed the quarto edition of 1641, which, he says, "appears to be the most correct, and agrees with many of the manuscripts."

Of the three old titles above quoted, that of Drake's is the most descriptive of the book; and may be preferred to that chosen for this new edition. Mr. Burgoyne's interesting introduction deals chiefly, almost exclusively, with the bibliography of the work. Nevertheless, he has not pointed out that, so long ago as 1586, the work was known as "Leicester's Commonwealth." To the text he has added no notes, either critical or elucidatory; and he has made no attempt to sift or test any of the statements, not even the wildest of them. Drake's preface is very different. He gave no bibliography, for the evident reason that he believed the book had not been previously printed, although he inferred, from its style and manner, that it was intended for the press. To some extent, however, he criticised the book, and referred to the poem called "Leicester's Ghost," and pointed out its bearing on these "Memoirs." He also drew attention to the "old English book," known as the "History of Reynard the Fox," which, in his day, was regarded by old women and children as a pleasant and delightful tale, and, by wiser heads, as "an enigmatical history of the Earl of Leicester and his family." Mr. Burgoyne states that "Leicester's Ghost" was issued with one of the small octavo editions of 1641, and is occasionally found bound up with the quarto edition of the "Commonwealth" of that year; but he has not included it in this reprint.

The book has been long attributed to Father Parsons, although it is by no means certain that he was the author. This is a point which Mr. Burgoyne does not attempt to settle. Samuel Jebb explained that owing to its reputed authorship and to the fact that the original copies were "sent into England bound in green coloured leaves, the book was commonly named F[ather] Parsons' green-coat." Mr. Burgoyne notes that, of the two copies in the British Museum, one still retains the colour on its edges, while the other, which has been recently rebound, has had the edges carefully gilt, and so has lost that distinctive external feature.

"It is in this book," says Mr. Burgoyne, "that the tragic story of the death of his [*i.e.*, Leicester's] wife, Amy Robsart, was first related, and the Earl charged with her murder—a crime that the generally accepted opinion of the time attributed to him." In support of this opinion having been generally accepted, he then quotes from Ashmole's "Antiquities of Berkshire," without noticing that Ashmole was simply copying the words of "Leycester's Commonwealth." He further says that "an indignant answer to the 'Commonwealth' was penned by Leicester's nephew, Sir Philip Sidney." And he adds: "It is characteristic of the writer and his times that he does not attempt to answer any of the charges made against his uncle, but confines himself to the vindication of the lineage of his maternal ancestors!" In justice, however, to Leicester and his nephew, it is only fair to notice that Sir Philip does not call his paper an "answer" to the libel nor a "defence" of his uncle. He might not think that anything of that sort was required from him, seeing that its statements had been condemned, in the Queen's name, as "most malicious, false, and scandalous, and such as none but an incarnate devil himself could dream to be true." Sir Philip's chief object was to disprove the allegation that his own maternal ancestors were not gentry. This touched him personally, and therefore he challenged the anonymous libeller to single combat. Leicester was still alive, and could have defended himself had he thought it necessary or worth while.

In the Record Office there is a manuscript of twenty pages, which is described by Mrs. Green as "much damaged; possibly the nucleus of the work afterwards much altered and expanded into Leicester's Commonwealth." From her summary it would appear that, according to this early form of the libel, Leicester plotted with Dame Lettice, his mistress, to make away with both her husband and his wife, that his wife fell down stairs and broke her neck, being thrown down by his orders, and that he next procured the death of the Earl of Essex, the husband of Dame Lettice, by poison. If this was the first form of the libel, it is important to notice that Amy Robsart lost her life on the 8th of September, 1560, that Essex had not then married Lettice Knollys, and that Essex did not die until the 22nd of September, 1576. The story, therefore, did not hang well together; and by its inherent inconsistency destroyed its own credibility. Although Mr. Burgoyne speaks of the many manuscript copies he makes no special reference to this one, nor does Mr. Adler, though he deals with the statements in "Leycester's Commonwealth" concerning Amy Robsart, and the influence which they have had on subsequent writers. Mr. Lang has also ignored it in his "Mystery of Amy Robsart."

D. Hay Fleming.

* "History of Queen Elizabeth, Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester, being a reprint of 'Leycester's Commonwealth,' 1641." Edited by Frank J. Burgoyne. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

A PAGE OF BRONTË DRAWINGS

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Clement K. Shorter.)

TWO BOOKS ABOUT HOLLAND.*

Mr. Morgan-de-Groot's former novels appeared in the form of translations from the Dutch, and their great reputation in Holland was endorsed by many who made their acquaintance through the medium of their author's own brilliant rendering into English. "Jan Van Dyck," we infer, makes its first appearance in English, and we cordially welcome it as an accession of originality and ability to the fiction of the hour. Only a reviewer can fully appreciate the delight of encountering a little oasis of originality in the dreary, endless, but far from pathless desert of mediocre fiction. For such refreshment a grateful reviewer will sacrifice much. A simple story will suffice him: he will not ask for a plot, skilfully woven and laboriously unloosed. A moment's contact with real human nature will be as healing to him after watching the pitiful performances of innumerable zanies and the efforts of the unskilled to walk on the thin wire of style. Mr. Morgan-de-Groot both earns this gratitude and requires the charity that is its concomitant. He is as destitute of plot-interest as the needy but immortal knife-grinder. Yet, he endeavours, and with no small success, to obey the first canon of Fielding and Thackeray: he tries "to depict with his utmost power a man." In "Jan Van Dyck" we have the simple story of a young Dutchman from his childhood to his marriage. He is a very ordinary youth, indeed; quite unlike the heroes of contemporary romance. But as one reads his history, the suspicion grows to certainty that he is compact of real flesh and bones, and that he is not a cunningly devised figure made out of wax yellow with age, and manipulated by rusty wires. The "local colour" is presumably as correct as it is charming, and we feel that to have read "Jan Van Dyck" is to know not a little about Holland.

It is manifestly cruel to fiction to test its accuracy by reference to a record of facts. But Mr. Morgan-de-Groot's novel is only supplemented, not discredited, by Mrs. Jungman's very entertaining narrative. We have already expressed an opinion on not a few of Messrs. A. and C. Black's very successful "colour books." In some cases, we venture to think, the colour has been too obtrusive, and the letterpress, to say the least, somewhat colourless. In this book on Holland it is a pleasure to find a very happy medium. It is impossible to say which is the better—text or illustrations. They are both very excellent, and they suit one another as shapely hand and well-fitting glove. Mr. and Mrs. Jungman have produced a masterpiece of collaboration. Both text and illustrations are informed with an enthusiasm that is infectious.

Mr. Jungman's subjects are admirably chosen; they cover the whole field—the characteristics of the scenery, and the idiosyncrasies of the people—and the three-colour process has fortunately for once quite risen to the occasion. Mrs. Jungman's narrative is inadequately called a "text." It has independent merits. It is written with great vivacity, and there is not a dull page in it. The prospective traveller to Holland will not, it is true, find the book of much use as a guide. But he will be a very dull person, indeed, whose interest and enthusiasm are not kindled by the art of Mr. Jungman and the literary skill of his wife.

MR. OXENHAM'S NEW NOVEL.†

The development of the modern novel is marked by nothing so much as the increasing prominence given to the background, often at the expense of the action. Robinson Crusoe's island was only of importance because Crusoe happened to be there; the novelist of to-day, forgetting that "the play's the thing," tends to reverse the process and subordinate the interest of the action to the setting. His Crusoe may be the dullest of dull dogs, provided he can be planted in a sufficiently picturesque spot, or one to which public attention is momentarily directed. The result is the familiar "guide book" type of novel, combining the minimum of action with the maximum of misinformation.

Mr. Oxenham, however, whose "Barbe" last year revealed him as one of the most promising of our younger writers, has avoided these pitfalls, and produced a striking and well-balanced story. In choosing Siberia as the scene of his latest book, "Hearts in Exile," he challenges comparison not unsuccessfully with some formidable rivals. Siberia at the moment is in fashion, and to choose it may be either a mark of slavish imitation, or of the frank independence of the true artist. That Mr. Oxenham is an artist, no one who read "Barbe" can doubt for a moment, and his bold choice is doubly justified because his background is an integral part of his story. The characters are Russian and the plot is essentially Russian, one which would be impossible outside of the Czar's empire. It is rare to find a book in which the *mise-en-scène* is so perfectly in harmony with the action.

The story begins, where most end, with a marriage, the marriage of Hope Palma, another of Mr. Oxenham's charming heroines. Paul Pavlof and Serge Palma are rivals for Hope's hand. Paul is a poor doctor and Serge is a millionaire, and Hope chooses the rich man for the sake of her work among the masses. Paul, knowing and appreciating Hope's motive in rejecting him, takes his fate manfully and leaves Odessa for Moscow. Hope infects her husband, a careless but generous man, with something of her own enthusiasm for the welfare of the downtrodden, a cause to which her father died a martyr. The reward in a country in which the most innocent philanthropy is suspect is—Siberia. On his way to the mines Serge meets Paul, another victim of the tyrannous bureaucracy. Serge is doomed to the mines of Kara, and Paul is only going to the provinces, from which escape is at least possible. With noble self-sacrifice Paul proposes to exchange places with Serge, and so give him a chance of returning to Hope. Serge is too generous to accept his friend's offer at first, but Paul presses him for Hope's sake, and at last he consents, and the change is effected. In the meantime Hope, after the birth and death of her child, obtains permission to join her husband, and after terrible difficulties reaches Kara, only to find that the exile known as Serge Palma is really Paul. To make matters worse, Kara is a place in which it is unsafe for women to live alone. Hope must accept Paul's protection, even while blaming him for the disastrous results of his self-sacrifice. In time she comes to realise Paul's uprightness and nobility, and when news comes of Serge Palma's death, the two exiles agree to marry. Paul's usefulness as a doctor alleviates his position, and for a time the two are happy, even in the horrors of Kara. But suddenly, just when there is good prospect of Paul being released, Serge reappears on the scene. He had succeeded in escaping, and had returned, only to find that Hope had vanished. In his despair, nothing seemed to remain but to help his friend to escape; and so he reaches Kara in the uniform of a Russian officer, with forged papers ordering the removal of the so-called Serge Palma. Paul is in a horrible dilemma; if he refuses to fall in with this hazardous plan, the fraud is certain to be discovered, and the real Serge will be lost. The attempt is made, but the fugitives are pursued, and Serge is mortally wounded. The survivors are brought back to Kara, where the order has been received for the release of "Serge Palma." Paul cannot accept release at his friend's expense, but Serge declares that Paul is the real "Serge Palma," and dies with a noble lie on his lips. The story ends as Paul prepares to leave Russia a free man, with Hope as his wife.

From this brief summary of the story it will be seen that "Hearts in Exile" abounds in strong situations, which might prove disastrous with less skilful handling. Mr. Oxenham has the instinct of the born story-teller, and his fine sincerity and sympathetic insight carry him safely through the most delicate situation. The three main characters are finely conceived and finely drawn. The minor personages are effectively touched in, and though the interest is rightly concentrated on the three protagonists, the horrors of Siberia are depicted with striking force and skill. Decidedly Mr. Oxenham has confirmed the reputation won by "Barbe." Good as "Barbe" was, "Hearts in Exile" equals it in romantic interest, and marks a distinct advance in pathos and tragic power.

* "Jan Van Dyck." By J. Morgan-de-Groot. 6s. (Blackwood.)

"Holland." By Nico Jungman. Text by Beatrix Jungman. 20s. net. (Black.)

† "Hearts in Exile." By John Oxenham. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

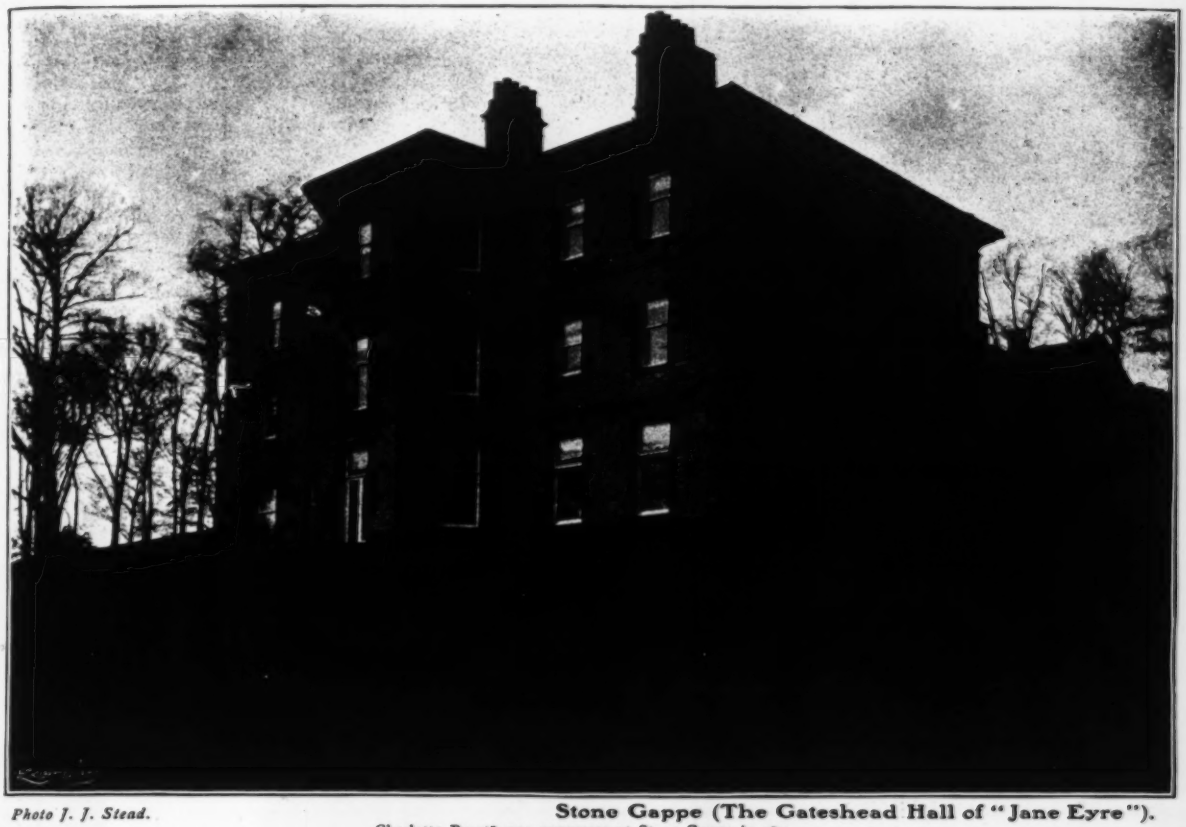


Photo J. J. Stead.

Stone Gappe (The Gateshead Hall of "Jane Eyre").

Charlotte Brontë was governess at Stone Gappe in 1839.

"'Don't you think Gateshead Hall a very beautiful house?' asked he. 'Are you not very thankful to have such a fine place to live at?'
"'It is not my house, sir; and Abbot says I have less right to be here than a servant.'
"'Pooh! you can't be silly enough to wish to leave such a splendid place?'
"'If I had anywhere else to go, I should be glad to leave it; but I can never get away from Gateshead till I am a woman.'
"'Perhaps you may—who knows?'"—"Jane Eyre."

Photo J. J. Stead.

Cowan Bridge School (The Lowood of "Jane Eyre").

Where Charlotte and Emily Brontë were sent in 1824.

"I looked round the convent-like garden, and then up at the house—a large building, half of which seemed grey and old, the other half quite new. The new part, containing the schoolroom and dormitory, was lit by mullioned and latticed windows, which gave it a church-like aspect; a stone tablet over the door bore this inscription:—
"'Lowood Institution.—This portion was rebuilt A.D. ——, by Naomi Brocklehurst, of Brocklehurst Hall, in this county.' . . . . . .
"'What is Lowood Institution?'
"'This house where you are come to live.'
"'And why do they call it Institution? Is it in any way different from other schools?'
"'It is partly a charity-school: you and I, and all the rest of us, are charity-children.'"—"Jane Eyre."

The Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls.
(Reproduced from Clement K. Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle.")

A COMPREHENSIVE REVIEW.*

Dr. Reich's aim is to give "a bird's-eye view of the human forces that have raised some nations to the glory of success, while their absence has prevented other nations from holding their own in the battle for historic existence." An historical retrospect of such an extent would alone have been a formidable undertaking, but Dr. Reich has not shrunk from adding to his labours the perilous adventure of prophecy. With the author's views as to the qualifications necessary for such an undertaking there can be no dispute. Dr. Reich appears to underestimate the value of Arthur Young's "Travels," but it is no doubt true enough that Young went through France in 1787 without having gained any notion of the impending outburst. It is certainly unfair, however, to represent Young as a typical example of those who criticise a foreign country after a month spent in it on a personally conducted tour. On the other hand, we doubt very much if any writer has ever been able wholly to free himself from national prejudice. To be a citizen of the world is in the fullest sense an unattainable ideal, but Dr. Reich at least approximates to it with sufficient closeness to establish for his very suggestive criticism a strong claim on our attention and respect.

In the earlier portion of this volume Dr. Reich covers familiar ground, and his historical survey of the causes of the decline and fall of the old-world powers is little more than an interesting conspectus of accepted facts. That racial characteristics have anything to do with a nation's history Dr. Reich emphatically denies, but when he comes to deal with the history of our own time, it seems to us that he makes a left-handed use of the very *deus ex machina* which he begins by removing from its pedestal. To deny the existence of racial characteristics on the ground that intermixture of races has swept away all the lines of demarcation is surely as much an exaggeration as the fanciful generalisations so freely advanced about the Celtic people or the Latin races. But his practice is better than his theory, and even his theory is a protest in the right direction.

Dr. Reich's survey includes all the great powers of the present time, with the singular exception of Japan. The omission is tantalising, not only because his views on Japan would have surely led to modifications in the chapter on Russia, but also because we are curious to know if Dr. Reich would still hold to his contention that "there is no royal road to civilisation," and that every country, including Russia, must go through the three ordeals of a renascence, a reformation, and a revolution. The history of Japan would seem to show that if there is no royal road there may at least be a short cut.

It is only fair to say that Dr. Reich betrays little sign of favouritism. The great powers are haled before the seat of judgment and reprimanded with a delightful impartiality. The reader who is made to blush for the shortcomings of his own country will derive much savage satisfaction from the treatment of his fellow victims. The only seemly course is silence, for Dr. Reich justly informs us that no nation can know itself. His criticism is invariably shrewd and very much to the point, and if it meet with an international protest, that will be to Dr. Reich the surest test of its correctness. In a work of which every page is contentious, it is impossible to deal with details, but we feel bound to break a lance in defence of the English boy. "At fifteen," says Dr. Reich, "he already feels oppressed by the responsibility of his own career. . . . Surely there is much in all this to account for the gloom which overhangs most circles of English private life?" We should like very much to know where Dr. Reich found his boy-model for this doleful picture. Of the national "gloom" we have heard before from our friends in France, but this boy of fifteen is a distinct addition to our national portrait gallery.

* "Success Among Nations." By Dr. Emil Reich. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

MR. LAURENCE HOUSMAN'S NEW NOVEL.*

In "Sabrina Warham" there is some brilliant and finely imaginative descriptive writing, the characterisation is uniformly excellent, and the story is fresh and full of interest, though, in the shaping of its end, it occasionally declines upon well-worn expedients. It is the story of a high-souled, clear-thoughted woman, born under a cloud, and living in somewhat difficult circumstances, who loves and marries Valentine, a very ordinarily attractive man, and, discovering that he had previously wronged a pretty village girl, steels her heart against him, and, feeling that she has further wronged this girl by her marriage, separates herself from him. Before she met her husband she had known and been interested in the girl, Lottie, and when Valentine induces Lottie to leave her baby and marry a true but discarded lover, a coastguard, Sabrina adopts the child, and scorns her husband more bitterly than ever for thinking he could successfully stoop to so cold-blooded a solution of the difficulty. The conclusion, from any artistic standpoint, is a mistake; it belittles Sabrina to a commonplace level. Valentine's renewed pursuit of the girl he had betrayed, the renascence of his passion for her, with her easier, more compliant ways, now that his wife remains inexorable, is natural in such a man, and effective, as, too, is Lottie's timorous and desperate opposition, seeing that though she still loves him, she is growing to care for the man who has married her, and is anxious not to be disloyal to Sabrina; but her death, when Valentine leaps to save her and drowns with her, is too forced and melodramatic for the pathos of it to take hold upon us; and to get a happy ending by bringing Sabrina to reward, at last, the long inarticulate love of a conveniently patient and taciturn cousin, David Lorry, is to whittle the strength of the romance away and make the whole thing tail off into conventionality. Old farmer Lorry and his son—the harsh, autocratic old man

* "Sabrina Warham." By Laurence Housman. 6s. (Murray.)

brought the son up under most rigid discipline, and resentfully but impotently feels the reins of authority in his own household slipping from his hands, in his crippled latter years, and sees them gathered into his son's, who is juster, and has grown as autocratic as himself—these two warring personalities are realised and drawn with insight and with power. So, too, is Sabrina, and her proud, peevish, invalid mother. Indeed, the presentation of its many and widely differing characters is perhaps the most notable feature of the book, and its story, though it meanders occasionally, and would have gained immensely in intensity by some little compression, is written carefully, imaginatively, and with a charm of style that in a manner atones for any incidental prolixity that may need atoning for.

GENEVRA.*

Mr. Charles Marriott progresses with the slow growth of a plant which is going after some years to be one of the special prides of the garden. When he began, with "The Column," he showed that he had the root of the matter in him, but those who read the book and admired it could say little when carping critics said that he was all too mindful of his Meredith. In this present book you have an entirely personal utterance. The story is of the utmost simplicity. There are two people, man and woman, who meet and fall in love with one another, though by temperament they are destined to misfortune in their love. One is a girl, Genevra Joslin, who is a real poet, and yet remains a woman with all the natural desires of a woman. The other is a painter who has striven all his life to keep away from any influences which could possibly come between himself and his art. He has been living in a village in Cornwall where there are many painters, and he comes to the conclusion that he is being ruined as an artist by the social obligations of the community. So he takes rooms in the farmhouse at the head of a Cornish coombe, where Genevra lives with a shiftless brother and his hopelessly stupid and vulgar wife. Then begins the tragedy of temperaments. Genevra wants, after a period during which they avoid one another, to make him conscious that he is as much a human being as a painter. He loves her at last, against his will, and yet he still resents the fact that she comes between him and his work. The story becomes a tragedy of sorts, but that is not the name one would give to it. For in all true tragedy there ought to be a moment when the spectator may hope that, if the *dramatis personæ* will only act wisely, there may be a happy ending. When the play is over and the curtain has fallen on a scene of utter desolation, they will admire it all the more, and rightly, if they remember that one moment, and lament that it was allowed to pass. Mr. Marriott has so imagined Genevra and her painter that there is no such moment: as soon as you have grasped their natures you know that unhappiness is the only gift they have to give one another. The story passes in one of the most romantic and most unfrequented parts of Cornwall, and Mr. Marriott evidently knows the look of the land under all the changing moods of the sea and the sky. It is an admirably written book, and one that should increase his reputation, even while it convinces the reader that when he can devise a tale in which the tragedy is not so assured from the first, and when he can let that little moment count for more than it does in "Genevra," he will do still better work. To those who know Lamorna and the country lying inland the book will be valuable, if only for its descriptive passages. Mr. Marriott has caught the spirit of the region perfectly. H. D. LOWRY.

From a Silhouette in the possession of the Rev. A. B. Nicholls. **Patrick Branwell Brontë**
(Reproduced from Clement K. Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle.")

THE "CAMBRIDGE" REFORMATION.†

No one can wonder that a strict adherence to Lord Acton's original plan has been impracticable in the production of the successive volumes of this great History. Lapse of time has inevitably produced changes in the conditions which could not have been foreseen. Some of the authors to whom work had been assigned have died, and some have become engrossed in other occupations. Lord Acton himself would have been the last to desire a conformity too rigid to a scheme which, however splendid in conception, might naturally, as time went on, be capable of improvement in the light of experience. One improvement certainly has been introduced, namely, the chronological table of leading events. This excellent feature was not adopted until after Vol. I. had been issued, and accordingly the editors have now supplied the necessary sheets to perfect that volume. Of "losses and disappointments," due to such causes as those just named, there have been so many that, of the nineteen chapters which constitute the present volume, only nine have been written by the authors originally nominated for the task. Lord Acton himself was to have dealt with the Council of Trent, and, say the editors, no living historian could hope to bring to this task the same wealth of accumulated knowledge or the same special opportunities of insight. Nevertheless it is only fair to say that here, and in other cases, the editors have found highly efficient substitutes, with the result that, if we do not blind our critical faculty with visions of a glorified work which might have been, we shall find ample reasons for satisfaction with the excellent work that is.

Either from humble-mindedness which magnifies trivial defects, or from a proud confidence in the essential excellence of their achievement, the editors, in the prefaces to the successive volumes, are in the habit of assuming an explanatory and apologetic tone. Here, among other things, they plead guilty to a slight disproportion in the several sections. The English sections, it would appear, "are treated on a relatively liberal scale"; but this, it is urged, may be excused, seeing that the History is addressed mainly to English readers. It is safe to say that the average Briton would readily excuse a much greater disproportion in the

* "Genevra." By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)

† "The Cambridge Modern History." Vol. II. The Reformation. 16s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

same direction. He does not underestimate his national rights and merits, and is not likely to suppose that, in the matter of the Reformation, or anything else, his country could be other than pre-eminent. Even he, however, must feel humiliated when he reflects that the Reformation in England owed its inception, not in the least to any moral enthusiasm or religious zeal, but to the passions of a lustful king. In this instance, Rome's offence was not that it condoned wrong-doing, but that it was not compliant when Henry VIII. wanted to dispose of his wives. Whatever service this king may have rendered to the Reformation it would be ridiculous to class him among the Reformers, or to attribute to him, at any stage in his career, the smallest amount of genuine sympathy with the Reformation movement. He broke with the Pope, and withdrew his allegiance, just because the Pope would not grant what he wanted; but, as Dr. Gairdner says, "he made Cranmer a sort of insular pope, and insisted on respect being paid to his decrees, especially in reference to his own numerous marriages and divorces." He made no changes beyond those that were necessary for his own private ends. "Both doctrine and ritual remained in his day nearly unaltered. The innovations actually made consisted in little more than the authorisation of an English Bible, the publication of some formularies to which little objection could be taken, and . . . . the first use of an English litany." That he helped on the Reformation was due, not to him, but to the Power which overrules even base designs for good. He broke up the old corrupt order, and thus partly opened the way for the new; but he did it roughly, and caused mischief and suffering which under better conditions might well have been avoided. It must be admitted that Dr. Gairdner does touch on many topics which have very little indeed to do with the Reformation in England. His chapter on Henry VIII. is, indeed, a tolerably complete historical sketch of the whole reign, with an estimate of the King's character. Nevertheless, it is so lucid that to complain would be ungracious. Equally excellent are the succeeding chapters completing the English section, contributed by Professor A. F. Pollard and Mr. J. B. Mullinger, and the chapter on Scotland, contributed by Professor F. W. Maitland.

Professor Pollard, in four valuable chapters, also covers the Reformation in Germany; but Luther is separately dealt with by Principal Lindsay. The thoughtful, clear-seeing monk with a supersensitive conscience is made plainly visible in this sketch, but justice is not fully done to the forceful energy of the reformer. In other words, we have here the man of great ideas but not the man of action; and Luther was both. The dramatic touch which is wanting here, is given with good effect by Principal Fairbairn in the case of Calvin, and by Professor Whitney in the case of Zwingli. Principal Fairbairn contributes also the admirable concluding chapter on "Tendencies of European Thought in the Age of the Reformation," which includes masterly estimates in brief of Erasmus, and Giordano Bruno.

WALTER LEWIN.

THE TREE IN THE MIDST.*

There is a pleasure in reading anything which Dr. Macdonald has published, and this book will considerably add to his reputation as a thoughtful and suggestive writer. He possesses many of the qualities which go to make a poet, vivid imagination, enthusiasm for his theme, the command of vigorous, appropriate and suggestive language, and an unusual facility in the use of graphic imagery and analogies. This last is a dangerous gift, and is occasionally rather a weakness, when analogies are pressed in irrelevant directions.

Dr. Macdonald aims at being, to use his own definition, a prophet rather than a critic in this work, and it certainly does not lack the fire and spirit which is generally associated with prophecy. He deals also with the profoundest themes that can occupy the mind of man, the nature of reality, the nature of humanity, variation, evolution, purpose, the growth of the will, transcendentalism, the origin of evil, the mystery of suffering, the standard of ethical perfection, and the whence and whither of mankind. The feast provided according to this varied and comprehensive bill of fare is, like most similar feasts, of various degrees of digestibility, some parts being very solid, others are only savouries, but all are blended into a harmonious whole.

To change the metaphor, it would perhaps be better to compare the book to a connected series of impressionist pictures, each embodying in it a portion of the great central scheme of truth for the exposition of which the volume is designed. Owing to this pictorial and prophetic character, it in places lacks the calmness and lucidity, and it certainly lacks the dulness of many works of greater philosophical pretensions. The work is unified by a text and by a central illustration. The text is a sentiment said to be taken from Herakleitos, but like the texts of most sermons, it chiefly serves as a motto that can here and there be used as a refrain. We know so little of the writings of this philosopher that it is unsafe to say what he really did teach, but the 138 fragments of his writings which Bywater has extracted from the whole range of classical literature, whose chief merit is their obscurity, scarcely bear the construction here put upon them. He certainly does say that harmony results from the blending of opposites, such as sharps and flats in music, or as the musical sound from alternate tension and relaxation of a lyre-string. As for his evolution, he tells us that "the death of fire is the birth of air, and the death of air the birth of water," but he also says that all things result from the working of a force in nature which he calls *logos* or *eimarmené*. And the sentiment here ascribed to him that there is no being without becoming, is not to be found in his extant writings. The nearest approach to this expression, and probably its source, is the ἔστι μὲν γὰρ οὐδέποτ' οὐδέν, ἀεὶ δὲ γίγνεται of Thæatetus, but this is Socrates' own sum of the tendency of the teaching of a whole school, not that of Herakleitos specially. However, in taking liberties with his text, Dr. Macdonald is only following the example of many distinguished homilists, and it is little to be wondered at that he should have extracted almost any required meaning from the writings of the great Ephesian of which Cicero has said "*quem ipsum non omnes interpretantur uno modo.*" In this case Cicero was wiser than our author, for he adds "*qui quoniam, quid diceret, intelligi noluit, omittamus.*"

The central figure which furnishes the title to the book is that of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in Eden. The episode of the "Fall" is by him regarded as an allegory. The serpent is not Satan, for Dr. Macdonald holds that the belief in a personal devil is a mythological figment invented to shift and shirk our responsibility for our own evil. The serpent is rather the personification of the desire on the part of Adam for an enlarged environment, and the symbol of the promptings of his nature in the direction of a higher evolution. The eating of the fruit was one of those insubordinations which make for ethical advancement. This view of the parable is worked out with all the vividness of a poetic imagination, so that it forms a kind of nexus for the several diverse parts of the volume. That it does not square with the traditional rendering of the story does not concern him, and he specifically rejects the theological dogma as to the influence of Adam's action on the character and fate of his progeny. Dr. Macdonald is a thorough Pelagian as regards the doctrine of original sin, although strangely enough he argues later for the hereditary transmission of acquired characters and tendencies. However vivid the picture appears, as drawn by our author, it is not probable that this view will be accepted by the Folk-lorist; it is, like the serpent, too subtile, for the conditions of primitive man, and the hypothesis that it was the primal taboo whereby a moral conflict between ought and ought not was first raised in the reasoning human mind, is far more likely to be the historic kernel of the legend. But, history apart, for the purposes of the development of his study Dr. Macdonald makes excellent use of his version of the story in his discussion of the processes and results of ethical evolution.

The philosophical position of the author is that of dualism, and his theory of evolution is essentially teleological. For this latter view of nature he makes out an excellent case, but he underestimates the strength of the evidence in favour of Weismann's theory.

It would be obviously impossible in this short notice to give an adequate criticism of a work whose range of subject is so vast. The treatment of the several successive parts of the great central theme is somewhat unequal, and some of

* "The Tree in the Midst." A Contribution to the Study of Freedom. By Greville Macdonald, M.D. 10s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"Madam – a clergyman
Turn out a clergyman?"

From a Drawing by F. H. Townsend.

SHIRLEY.

"'Rid me of you instantly instantly!' reiterated Shirley, as he lingered.
"'Madam—a clergyman! Turn out a clergyman?'"

(Reproduced from "Shirley," by kind permission of Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co.)

Photo J. J. Stead. **Village Street, Hathersage, Derbyshire (The Morton of "Jane Eyre")**

"About two o'clock p.m. I entered the village. At the bottom of its one street there was a little shop with some cakes of bread in the window. I coveted a cake of bread. With that refreshment I could perhaps regain a degree of energy: without it, it would be difficult to proceed. The wish to have some strength and some vigour returned to me as soon as I was amongst my fellow-beings. I felt it would be degrading to faint with hunger on the causeway of a hamlet. Had I nothing about me I could offer in exchange for one of these rolls? I considered. I had a small silk handkerchief tied round my throat; I had my gloves. I could hardly tell how men and women in extremities of destitution proceeded. I did not know whether either of these articles would be accepted: probably they would not; but I must try."—"Jane Eyre."

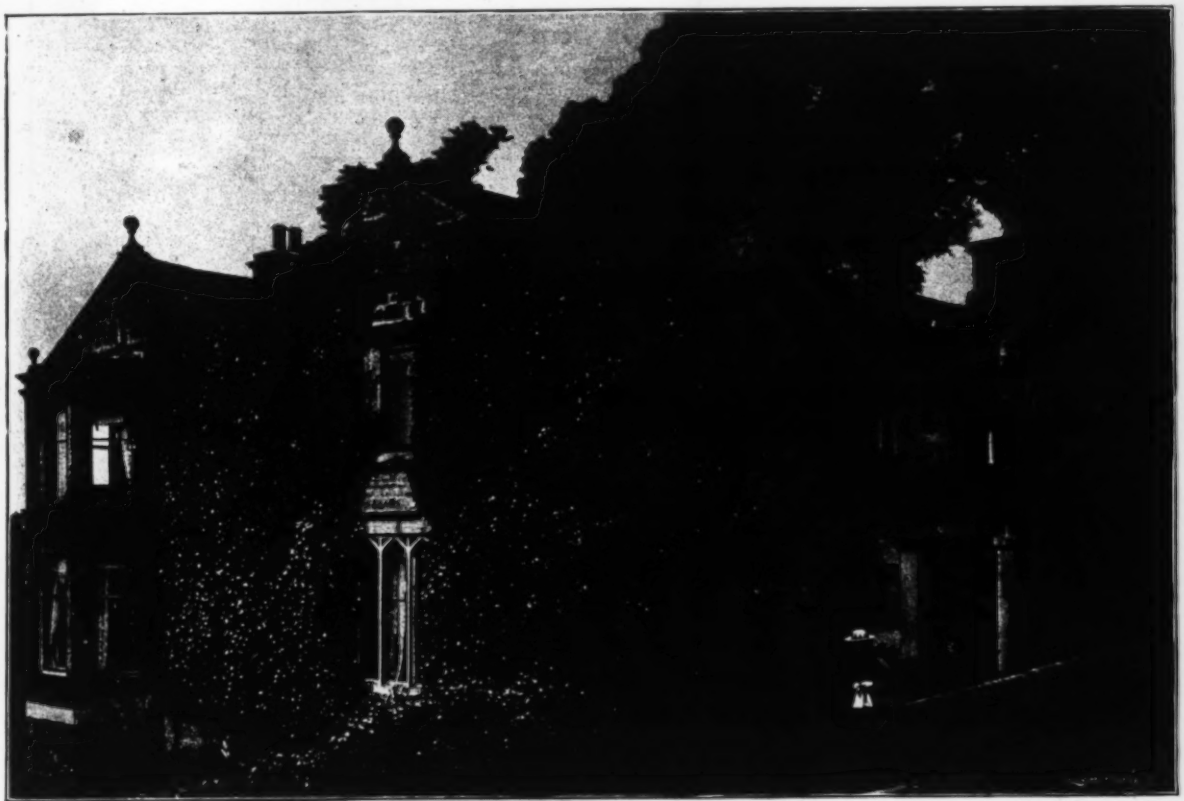


Photo J. J. Stead. **Moorseats, Hathersage (The Moor House, Morton, of "Jane Eyre").**

"They loved their sequestered home. I, too, in the grey, small, antique structure, with its low roof, its latticed casements, its mouldering walls, its avenue of aged firs—all grown aslant under the stress of mountain winds; its garden, dark with yew and holly—and where no flowers but of the hardiest species would bloom—found a charm both potent and permanent. They clung to the purple moors behind and around their dwelling—to the hollow vale into which the pebbly bridle-path leading from their gate descended, and which wound between fern-banks first, and then amongst a few of the wildest little pasture-fields that ever bordered a wilderness of heath, or gave sustenance to a flock of grey moorland sheep, with their little mossy-faced lambs:—they clung to this scene, I say, with a perfect enthusiasm of attachment."—"Jane Eyre."

From a Drawing by F. H. Townsend. **Jane Eyre.**

"'Kneel again on the rug.'

"'Don't keep me long; the fire scorches me.'

"I knelt. She did not stoop towards me, but only gazed, leaning back in her chair. She began muttering—

"'The flame flickers in the eye; the eye shines like dew; it looks soft and full of feeling; it smiles at my jargon: it is susceptible; impression follows impression through its clear sphere; where it ceases to smile, it is sad; an unconscious lassitude weighs on the lid: that signifies melancholy resulting from loneliness. It turns from me; it will not suffer further scrutiny; it seems to deny, by a mocking glance, the truth of the discoveries I have already made—to disown the charge both of sensibility and chagrin: its pride and reserve only confirm me in my opinion. The eye is favourable.'"—"Jane Eyre."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co.)

the early sections, such as that on variation, are inadequately dealt with. Here some of the analogies, like that drawn between Atavism and potential energy, are pressed too far. The best sections are Chapters VII. and VIII., on "Compromise and Competition," and "Inheritance and Wage."

But in reviewing a work which has so many excellencies, the tabulation of the small slips which are here and there noticeable is a thankless task, and although the thoughtful reader will probably be tempted to challenge some of Dr. Macdonald's arguments, and to reject some of his conclusions, yet he will find the work stimulating and suggestive, and will not regret the time he has spent in its careful perusal and analysis. ALEX. MACALISTER.

A ROUNDHEAD ROMANCE.*

Plain-featured heroines are almost as common in fiction as pretty ones; Fielding reconciles us to the broken nose of Amelia; but it was left for Mr. F. T. Bullen to move us to sympathetic interest in a beautiful heroine who has lost both hands. He does undoubtedly win our interest and our sympathy for her, yet there will be many readers who will not easily forgive him for allowing that cannon ball in his fifth chapter to maim and mutilate Grace Pentreath so horribly and so incurably; and one owns to a little finicking shrinking from too much thought of the honest, manful rivalry of the twin brothers Penfold for the love of so piteously crippled a sweetheart. They remain splendidly and touchingly loyal to her, and it is by no ordinary delicacy and skill that, after Tom Penfold has returned from his gallant sea-fighting, shorn of one leg and one arm, Mr. Bullen takes us to the wedding of Grace with the entire and robust brother Martin, and by subduing us prevailingly with the idyllic sentiment of the thing, keeps us from too keen a realisation of the less pleasant features of this pathetic union.

Their staunch love of Grace, and the honourable rivalry that in the beginning looked like sowing discord between them, are only on the quieter home side of their lives; the bulk of the book is concerned with the story of how Martin, with little sympathy, at first, for the religious beliefs and practices of his Puritan comrades, fought under Captain Blake with the Parliamentary forces ashore, and how he and his brother Tom were presently the two most trusted henchmen of that same Blake when, as Admiral of the fleet of the Commonwealth, he swept the seas and shattered the power of Spain and Holland, and made the flag of England feared and respected of all its enemies in every sea. All these portions of the book are, of course, founded in historical truth, and the manner in which Blake practically created the British navy, and the more famous and gallant episodes of his great career are narrated with a gusto and a fiery enthusiasm worthy of so magnificent a theme.

Where Blake is concerned Mr. Bullen is, as are many of us, a whole-hearted hero-worshipper, and he storms with scorn and indignation against those who under-estimate his personal character and public achievements. Again and again he protests that Blake has never yet received the high appreciation he has merited, and answers his own question, "Why? Because he was a man who effaced himself. Duty to be done was his ideal; talk, whether in Parliament or out of it, he abhorred. And so it comes about that the greatest admiral England ever had is now so little thought of that even his best-affected biographers fear to speak of him as he deserves, as may be seen by glancing at any life of Blake to hand. It is really time some measure of justice was dealt to him." And in this brilliant narrative of his doings, Mr. Bullen sets himself to deal out something of that justice.

It has always been a rooted conviction with us that an historical novel should never have any cognisance of persons who lived or events that happened later than its own period; all references to matters of subsequent dates have a certain incongruity about them, and, tending to destroy the novelist's illusion, are artistically a mistake. While we are living again in the days of the great Protector, it jars upon our sense of the fitness of things to come across occasional remarks on the works of Mr. David Hannay, a quotation from Byron, and some rather intolerant denunciations of those unpatriotic Englishmen who took advantage of that heritage of freedom which Cromwell left them, and which elsewhere in his book Mr. Bullen delights in, to express their honest disapproval of the Boer war. When we have regretted Mr. Bullen's transgressions in these regards (and whether our objection is legitimate or not may be open to question) we have nothing but warm admiration and praise for a romance so graphic, so stirring and virile as this of the "Sea Puritans." The book is admirably illustrated by Mr. Arthur Twidle. A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

* "Sea Puritans." By Frank T. Bullen. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

ROMAN LITERATURE.*

About the unrivalled merits of Encyclopedias we have lately heard much. But this is an age of progress, and as such "bulky and high-priced volumes" are "beyond the reach of the average reader," it is now proposed to afford that happy being the opportunity of obtaining, at less cost and in a more handy shape, "a complete and trustworthy Primer Cyclopædia of modern knowledge." The "Primer Cyclopædia" is, it appears, to be composed of an indefinite number of "Cyclopædic Primers," but as this explanation

* "Roman Literature," in the series of Temple Cyclopædic Primers. By Hermann Joachim. 1s. net. (J. M. Dent and Co.)

is, perhaps, obscure, it may be added that each Cyclopædic Primer is a tiny volume, a minute segment from the vast circle of knowledge, dealing with some special department of literature, science, or art. By the modest disbursal of a shilling the student may carry away one of them in his waistcoat pocket. For that sum he can become the possessor of "compendious information" on such subjects as "Primitive Man," "Religion," "The Nurture of Children," or even "Physiological Psychology." The idea is ingenious, and no doubt there are many subjects an elementary knowledge of which may be thus usefully epitomized. The elementary facts connected with many branches of study may be stated in a way that is at once clear, concise, and genuinely instructive, but in dealing with literature the case is widely different. The object of a Primer is to afford some knowledge of a particular subject to those previously unacquainted with it, and it is obviously impossible in a brief essay thus to convey any real information about a great literature.

The present volume, for instance, contains in its index the names of about 150 writers, and when to some general remarks there have to be added some biographical details about each of them, how is it possible to find space in 150 tiny pages to give the reader any acquaintance with any actual work of any of them? Of course it cannot be done, but what is done is to distribute a number of adjectives and phrases indicating praise or blame among the authors mentioned and their various works, with the only result that the reader who knows nothing of Roman literature is left in hopeless confusion, with hundreds of names and hundreds of epithets in his head, but without the slightest knowledge why any particular epithet is applied to any particular name. Out of all the mass of Roman literature there is not in this volume a single quotation, and by what figment can any one who has not read a line of Roman literature be said to be acquainted with it, or what is the value of literary criticism which is not illustrated by examples? To teach a student that Cicero is "florid" and Tacitus "concise," or Virgil "tasteful" and Lucretius "lofty," is not to convey knowledge, but the conceit of knowledge. It is a feeding him with phrases, and "filling his belly with the east wind." For the solid food he gets, as well might you set him down to a banquet of rare meats and announce the qualities of each without allowing him to touch any; and even at a shilling such entertainment would be dear.

If, however, a Primer of this sort could possibly be satisfactory it should surely, for English readers, be a native product. Translations are rarely attractive, and a foreign writer must partially lack that sympathy with his readers, both in thought and expression, which for an elementary work dealing with literary criticism would seem indispensable. Herr Joachim writes as a rule with judgment, but there is nothing of special excellence about his work, and there are many English scholars who understand the subject equally well, and who would be certainly more in touch with English students. Comparisons, for instance, of Roman writers with Goethe, Schiller, Klopstock, or Lessing are obviously out of place, and those equally unacquainted with Teutonic forms of expression and the Odes of Horace will gather little information from the statement that "here for the first time appeared in lyric measures the melodious division by finely calculated fusion of word-endings, which lent to Latin verse a new charm." Or what will "the average reader" gather from being told that "the language of Plinius is on the whole good, . . . but sometimes sinks into a stilted affectation striving at all costs for piquant elegance," except, perhaps, some impression that the language of Plinius is not unlike that of Herr Joachim? And the writer who criticises Cicero might surely have learnt from him to write better than this—"The structure of the endings of Cicero's sentences was rhythmical (a practice which the Hellenistic style characteristically carried to excess), and hence, as the most popular rhythms were regularly preferred in corresponding members of the periods, the effect became intolerably monotonous, or else the language in series of sentences without periodic structure became entirely metrical." Possibly the original German conveyed some meaning, but certainly the English version does not present that lucid simplicity which is essential in an elementary work on literature. T. E. Page.

THE LAND OF HEATHER.*

Mr. Clifton Johnson is a typical American, and his book on "The Land of Heather" is likely to find a readier sale in the States than in Scotland. Already the market is glutted with books of this description, but one is, perhaps, all the better for hearing what an astute Yankee observer has to say on the subject. The volume is brightly written, hardly ever lacking interest, and even a Scot will find pleasure (not to mention some amusement) in perusing it. The author, of course, does not tell us anything we did not know. His pilgrimage from place to place is a record of facts drawn from all points of the compass—natural history, village gossip (to an alarming extent), and the common lore of the land as found in the history-books. Unlike most modern sight-seers, Mr. John-

* "The Land of Heather." Written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson. 8s. 6d. (The Macmillan Co.)

From a Drawing by J. H. Bacon. **Jane Eyre and St. John Rivers.**

"'Young woman, rise, and pass before me into the house.'

"With difficulty I obeyed him. Presently I stood within that clean, bright kitchen—on the very hearth—trembling, sickening; conscious of an aspect in the last degree ghastly, wild, and weather-beaten. The two ladies, their brother, Mr. St. John, the old servant, were all gazing at me.

"'St. John, who is it?' I heard one ask."—"Jane Eyre."

(Reproduced from "Jane Eyre," by kind permission of Messrs. Blackie and Son, Ltd.)

son settled down for weeks at a time (at Drumtochty, for instance), and kept himself in closest touch with all that went on in the district. Hence his remarks have, in many respects, a distinct value. But what will the Drumtochty people say to page 7 of the very first chapter? It is hardly fair to speak, as is done here, of villagers who are evidently still in the flesh. "Thrums" naturally figures among the sketches. "The working-class had but a poor opinion of the novelist's book. Nothing happens in 'A Window in Thrums,' they informed me deprecatingly, but what they saw every day. The talk was the talk they heard next door—mere 'bairns' havers,' they said, 'just Kirrie balderdash.' They thought it was unquestionably great rubbish, and accounted for its popularity by the theory that chance had made it a fad; after this factitious interest had faded they had no doubt other folks would be as sick of the stuff as they were." Then so much "the waur" for the Kirrieites. The West Highlands, the Burns shrines, and Galloway—all dear to the over-seas tourist—make up the remainder of the volume. The many illustrations are particularly pleasing, and it is almost worth having the book for their sake alone.

W. S. Crockett.

A NEW ZEALAND NOVELIST.*

Most of the few good novels that have come to us out of New Zealand have been strongly coloured with the influence of Bret Harte. They have been stories of picturesque heroes and ruffians, and freely-used revolvers have played rather important parts in them. "Tussock Land" is not of this type, but in its quieter way it is equal to the best of those few good novels that New Zealand has placed to her credit. It is no romance of the primitive, wild, almost lawless lives of the early settlers, but a story of New Zealand as it is to-day, and one, moreover, that does not limit its concern to the simpler outer lives of its people, but lays bare with no little insight the complex inner humanity of the best and the worst of them.

For the story itself—its heroine, Aroha Grey, is a splendid, elemental creature, prouder of the Maori ancestry of her mother than of the fact that her father "had been the last of an Essex family that had once owned many acres in England." Her father died worn out with the worry of attempting to establish a difficult business of sheep-farming, and since his death, her more practical mother has managed to turn the farm into a success.

Aroha, still under twenty, is living alone with her mother, and dreaming of an improbable fairy-prince who is one day to come and love and marry her, and carry her away with him out into the great world beyond the prisoning barriers of the hills; she has been looking for him since she was little more than a child, and, his coming being so long delayed, she has at different times been tempted to discover him strangely disguised in the person of John, the ploughman, a young fellow who "ploughed the straightest furrow in the district, and had won medals at the annual ploughing contests at Mataura;" or in the equally unideal person of "a state school-teacher from Pukerau, where, day after day, he gathered into the little school-house by the main road a dozen children from the neighbouring township and taught them English with a strong Scotch accent."

At length, one day, when she has climbed to the top of a favourite ridge to gaze out over a narrow line of wind-swept tussocks, across the valley to the towering hills beyond, all of a sudden, "careering swiftly towards her swept a terrified horse—riderless," and a minute later, from the tussocks that had concealed him, rose the figure of a youth of her own age, who "came limping towards Aroha, dazed and bleeding and angered." This is King Southern, and before she knows his name or anything about him, Aroha recognises that he is the fairy-prince of her dreamings. The study of these two characters is a careful and subtle piece of work. King, whose father is an Anglican clergyman at Dunedin, is studying for the law, but has higher ideals and is bent upon winning fame as an artist. His passionate love of art proves stronger than his love of Aroha. Renouncing the law in defiance of his father's wishes, he leaves home and the girl who seems like to break her heart for him, and sails to Australia eager to realise his artistic ambitions.

His career in Sydney is pictured with a graphic realism; there are glimpses of artistic Bohemia as it is in Australia; there are vivid sketches of the "Domain" peopled by night with sleeping outcasts; of the boarding-house economies; of all the life of business and pleasure and misery that is Sydney in a much more real sense than its dead streets are. King, living in his cheap boarding-house, a selfish, rather conceited, very impressionable young man, finds his ideals hard to fulfil, and broken with disappointments and coming to the end of his resources, he is reduced to the necessity of getting employment in a lawyer's office. He forgets Aroha in other loves, and after a long and disheartening struggle is abandoning all hope that he will ever paint a great picture, when one day he meets in Sydney John, the ploughman, who has won a lottery prize, and come over on a holiday from the New Zealand homestead. From John he hears news that makes it evident that Aroha, whose correspondence with him has long since dwindled and ceased, is forgetting him as he had forgotten her. This sets him thinking of her again, and, old feelings, old longings beginning to revive within him, he is taken with a desire to turn his back on art for ever and to go home and live. He has a former college chum who is now a lawyer at Waiatua, goes to him, works with him, becomes a partner in his office, and in the strain and stress of his professional duties loses all his dreams but one. There is still Aroha. She answers his letters coldly, and when, at length, he sees her there is a barrier between them that some would have felt to be irremovable, but King puts it aside.

As a first book it is one of the most promising that the "First Novel Library" series has included. All the story needs is a little judicious pruning; Mr. Adams should have had the courage to sacrifice some of his descriptive passages, well done as they are, and he should restrain his weakness for occasional preachings, which, good as they may be in themselves, are not so good when they have to be taken as part of a novel. Otherwise, the story is full of interest, and is constructed and told with very considerable ability.

* "Tussock Land." By Arthur H. Adams. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

A ROMANCE OF RYE.*

The workmanship of this historical novel is dainty and strong; the landscape, with its burning centre, "red-walled, red-hooded Rye Town" upon the edge of Sussex Marsh; the literary glamour through which English life, dating back to George IV., is seen transfigured. Add to these pleasant things the Apprentice himself, who seems rather German than Saxon, and brings, I know not how, reminiscences of the "Meistersingers," as if he were a young medieval hero, town-bred, yet chivalrous and picturesque. Then the plot, studied from the foreground, is a happy one—Rye Town, embodied in the master shipbuilder Malines, struggling to get once more its harbour and port from the tyrannical Orwalds who have ruined it. So far well. But we cannot have a romance without a maiden; and she, the curiously named Foy Malines, the shipbuilder's daughter, I say it against my inclination, spoils the piece.

Foy is light—too light—headlong and foolish. If Sir George Orwald fills the conventional frame, and his son Jack is only the first walking gentleman, absolutely tailor-made, Miss Malines, though she smiles and sparkles to begin with, soon drops to the standard, well known in our villages, of the Hetty Sorrels who need merely to be tempted, if even that. Her fall is so completely her own doing that we cannot allow it to be tragic. Improbable when viewed from the level of her class, which does not trifle with the marriage-register, it is superfluous and, oddly enough, not much more than an interlude. For, in the end, it does not signify. True, the Apprentice had to be disposed of somehow; but he could have gone down in the civil war precisely as he did, still claiming our admiration, without so obviously made up an entanglement as the latter part of this volume, in which he plays his self-denying *rôle*. Critics are well aware that some moral faults on the stage or in romance bring with them no unpardonable degradation, while some others leave the audience irritated and scandalised. Unless my reading be too severe, Foy Malines, having no excuse

* "The Apprentice." By Maud Stepney Rawson. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

but passion, and not being an ignorant Hetty Sorrel, deserves little sympathy in her misfortunes. The Apprentice may be a martyr, but I shall never think of Foy as a victim.

MEMOIRS OF MADEMOISELLE DES ECHEROLLES.*

The interest of these Memoirs is very great. Their value as a human and as an historical document both is almost equal. For poignant and terrible, they deal with the actual experiences and impressions of a woman during the whole period of the reign of terror, when ordinary sensations, ordinary grooves of feeling and behaviour, were annihilated under the stress of abysmal anguish and fear, and nothing but the fundamental essences of character could remain. The "Memoirs of Mademoiselle des Echerolles," in addition, are an account of the terror in the provinces, and not in Paris, where its details are perhaps already well known, and they give it, therefore, a certain freshness of aspect, were it only in the names and methods of the principals controlling the wholesale massacres. Mademoiselle des Echerolles was a child when the persecution of aristocrats began. Nothing in history could be much more piteous than this child of fourteen left under the charge of a revolutionist jailor and his blood-lusting wife, while the very fate of her father was unknown to her, and the aunt, who had been as a second mother, lay in prison previous to being guillotined. Mademoiselle des Echerolles' descriptions of this period are very moving and life-like. Behind the straightforward simplicity of her utterance, she had the talent and the vision of a born writer. Her story is full of brief sketches that reveal a whole character, of simple details that expose a scene in its entirety. She gives the seething horror and disorder raging outside, the animal ferocity that made human beings suddenly become incredible. Then she draws the picture of this one interior out of the multitude, and by doing so makes the whole a living and lamentable reality.

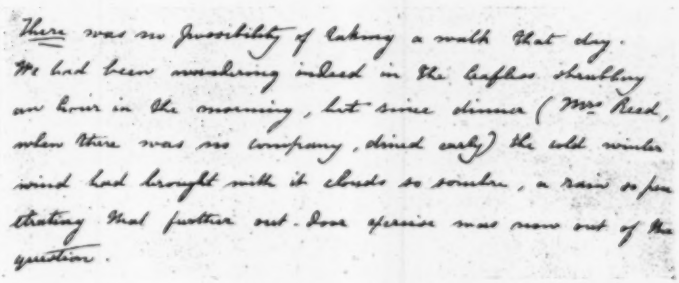


Photo J. J. Stead. **A Portion of the MS. of "Jane Eyre."**

"Charlotte Brontë's method of writing was to take a piece of cardboard—the broken cover of a book, in fact—and a few sheets of notepaper, and write her first form of a story upon these sheets in a tiny handwriting in pencil. She would afterwards copy the whole out upon a quarto paper very neatly in ink. None of the original pencilled MSS. of her greater novels have been preserved. The extant manuscripts of 'Jane Eyre' and 'The Professor' are in ink."—Clement K. Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle."

In her sequestered home she was alone with two servants and with the revolutionist quartered upon her. This man, formerly a weaver, never left the house. She had to sleep in his presence. The only privacy left for the delicate and terror-stricken child was behind the curtains of her great four-poster bed. In the morning she had to wait to rise until he chose temporarily to leave the room. Once dressed he occupied it for the rest of the day, ready for the domiciliary visits of his superiors.

In spite of what she suffered from his coarseness and insolence, Mademoiselle des Echerolles speaks of the man with pity. Without the Revolution she believes he would have been a good man enough. It was a choice of his own life or the life of others. Terror left him no alternative, but at heart he was empty of ferocity. The guillotine kept him awake for nights, and in secret he read a religious book belonging to the aunt in prison. His wife, on the other hand, was of the very essence of the Revolution. All day she was at the executions. But at night the child and the man trembled under her descriptions of the sights seen. No detail was spared them. To look upon agony was like an ecstasy to her, and the little girl in the four-poster bed, evening after evening lay sickened and shivering with interwoven fear and desolation.

But in all this struggle of life and death, of awful and final issues, the two servants, feeling themselves safe, quarrelled as if no extraordinary occasion was in process. And in their endless petty dissensions it was the child—whose days were passed in prison with her aunt—who had to make the peace, to soothe first one and then the other, that the household might be fed and attended to. There are few records more brave, more patient, more self-less than this of the little French girl during the terror in Lyons. To read the story unmoved is not possible.

This fresh translation—for the book has been given in English before—appears excellent, and the personality of the original writer is well preserved in it.

* "Memoirs of Mademoiselle des Echerolles." 5s. net. (John Lane.)

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF THE "FRAM."*

It was in the autumn of 1895 that Captain Sverdrup, at the suggestion of Dr. Nansen, undertook the command of a Polar expedition equipped by Consul Heiberg and Messrs. Ringnes at a cost of twelve thousand pounds. The Norwegian Government, true to its traditions, seconded this splendid exercise of private liberality by granting the use of the historic *Fram*, and by refitting the vessel in accordance with the lessons learned from its previous voyage. "With such owners," says the loyal captain, "a Polar expedition becomes almost a pleasure trip." But the owners are no less to be congratulated in respect of their captain and his ship's company. Four years' exposure to Arctic hardships is as severe a test of character as one can well imagine, and it is the barest truth to say that the record of the *Fram's* second voyage is in the fullest sense worthy of the splendid traditions of arctic exploration. Of his company of fifteen—two of whom did not return—Captain Sverdrup writes in terms of generous and unqualified praise. To his own share in the expedition he does less than justice, but a gallant and loyal crew means a brave and skilful leader of men. Expeditions more fruitful and more eventful there have been, but none has yielded a more cheerful record than is contained in these two handsome volumes. It is seemingly with reluctance that the author admits any dangers faced. That the *Fram* was almost destroyed by fire, that for months on end they waged battle with wolves and bears, that they suffered from the most dreadful extremities even of Arctic cold, that death deprived them of their only medical attendant, that on occasion they were reduced to eating wolf—these are all lightly treated by Captain Sverdrup as part of the day's work, and what he loves to dwell on is the never failing good fellowship of his officers and men, and the delightful hour before "turning in" to their sleeping bags, when the lamp was lighted and the tent full of the savoury steam of seal soup and bear cutlets.

The object of the expedition was not to reach the Pole. The route followed was up Smith Sound and Kane Basin, through Kennedy and Robeson Channels, and then to explore the northernmost and easterly parts of Greenland. The result of the expedition was that "an approximate area of one hundred thousand square miles had been explored, and in the name of the Norwegian King, taken possession of." The scientific result it is not yet possible fully to estimate, as the data are only now being properly examined. That it will be large does not seem likely, if we may judge from the special appendices contributed by the officers responsible for this side of the expedition. Their statements, however, are professedly hurried and incomplete. To this brief catalogue we must, however, add the literary result, the value and charm of which it is a pleasure to attest.

In the story of the four years' journeying there is necessarily a recurring sameness of incident, but no reader of Captain Sverdrup will wish his book less. Every bear fight is more engrossing than another, and long before the end we have

* "New Land: Four Years in the Arctic Regions." By Otto Sverdrup. Translated from the Norwegian by Ethel Harriet Hearn. In two volumes. 36s. net. (Longmans.)

Moorseats, Hathersage (Moor House, Morton, of "Jane Eyre").

"Entering the gate and passing the shrubs, the silhouette of a house rose to view, black, low, and rather long; but the guiding light shone nowhere. All was obscurity. Were the inmates retired to rest? I feared it must be so. In seeking the door, I turned an angle: there shot out the friendly gleam again, from the lozenged panes of a very small latticed window, within a foot of the ground, made still smaller by the growth of ivy or some other creeping plant, whose leaves clustered thick over the portion of the house wall in which it was set."—"Jane Eyre."

(Reproduced from the Haworth Edition of "Jane Eyre," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

a personal interest in each one of the unruly team of dogs. The author's animal notes are among the best things in the book. The Arctic hares were so unconscious of danger that they ran in front of the sledges on their hind legs "like little boys in their nightshirts." When they did scent danger they formed up into circles, just as the musk-oxen when attacked invariably formed into perfect square and went through the most surprising evolutions. The Eskimo dog, however, receives the most careful analysis and description. Of his courage and strength and friendship to man Captain Sverdrup writes enthusiastically, but he does not conceal his shortcomings. When an Eskimo dog defeats a brother, he carries the fight to a finish by eating him; but though he will eat bear and seal and his own family, he will raise his upper lip when offered a supper of wolf. And in presence of wolves, all family animosity is hushed, and the dog who gets bitten is licked by the whole pack with the utmost solicitude and respect. Half of Captain Sverdrup's troubles were due to the "cussedness" of his dogs, whose appetites were so enormous that they ate each other's muzzles and leashes; but these, as indeed all animals, he regards with a kindly eye, and the results of his observations add enormously to the humour and humanity of his volumes.

Miss Hearn, we take it, has done her share of the work with no common success. There is scarcely anything in the volumes to suggest a translation. There are a few unimportant inconsistencies of statement, and a periphrasis is certainly preferable to such a verb as "skeletonize." But she can be congratulated cordially on giving to English literature an excellent version of a book of brave adventure. The publishers, too, have done their part in an unexceptionable way. The work is full of interesting photographs excellently reproduced, and there are two admirable folding maps by Captain Isachsen, the distinguished cartographer of the *Fram*.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN MOROCCO.*

Some two years ago Mr. Dawson gave us in "Hidden Manna" the best English novel that has ever been written with Morocco for its subject. An able judge called it unique in its kind, as representing "the real, the Oriental, the esoteric." The present volume is equally true to life. Mr. Dawson knows the Moor, admires his fine points, and has stripped off a good deal of the Western, though not perhaps as much as could be desired. For he is occasionally truculent; his tone betrays that he has not quite forgotten Pall Mall; and his Imperial British enthusiasm, however sound, bears hardly upon the French who are "creeping in" from Algeria to snatch the Empire, mistakenly so termed, from the Sharif, Muley Abdul Aziz IV. Politically, since these chapters were first indited, Morocco has been lost to Great Britain. They come now a day too late, and read like the lament of Boabdil, or some other "last sigh" of the Moor. England once held Tangier; she let it slip as a place of no value. Would it be reasonable to expect from the supreme powers a second chance?

But the picturesque remains. Perhaps, also, the lesson in Empire-losing will not be thrown away. There is a writer whom Mr. Dawson, as I conclude, thinks wanting in romantic spirit, Mr. Budgett Meakin, but whose three volumes on Morocco will be the standard work for years to come. Had their teaching struck a light in the Foreign Office, who knows what would have happened? At all events, the things which Mr. Dawson has seen ought to bear fruit in a better acquaintance with Islam, the Oriental imagination, and the essential limits of Western enterprise, when it undertakes to rule Mohammedans. These impressions, for they pretend to be no more, consist of pictures, stories, notes of travel, and political hints, thrown down in a humorous, fiercely dyed, aggressive style, always animated, but not always pleasant. The adventures of Philip Frobisher, Pat Derry, and the "Beachcombers," leave a taste in one's mouth which cannot be denied, but which is singularly unwelcome. More amusing, yet in some degree conventional, are the stories of "My Friend the Sheikh," whose doings in England we may believe or take as instructive parables, according to choice. On the Sultan, the Pretender, and the general attitude of Berber tribes towards their suzerain, much is said worth our knowing, although not of a character to astonish anvone who is fairly well read in Eastern lore. Like Sir Richard Burton, the present roving Englishman feels amazed at his country's indifference towards that strange world of the Islamites in which it bears so large an interest. Will these vivid sketches awaken desire to travel, to see with understanding eyes, to study the Berber at home, and to compare with our Hebrew-English Bible its Arabic counterparts? Very likely not. They will be read for their spice of daring, hot colour, and glimpses of chaos. But they deserve a better fate.

Novel Notes.

ORRAIN. By S. Levett-Yeats. 6s. (Methuen and Co.)

This is quite the best work which Mr. Levett-Yeats has done in his province of foreign romance. His publishers are giving us Dumas in cheap and pleasant guise. But here is the gay, entrancing spirit of Dumas himself; the wicked step-brother, the intrigues at the French court and capital, the atmosphere of adventure in woods and streets, and all the rest, with Rabelais and Mary Queen of Scots thrown in. Once or twice, as in the scene when Montluc spares the life of De Ganache, the Huguenot leader, the reader's credulity is strained. And the character of a brilliant swordsman, redeeming the errors of youth by means of brave service and by aid of love, is not a new figure in our fiction. But the genuine spirit of romance amply covers such slight and perhaps inevitable defects, till the reader lays down a well-written story, pulsing with life and movement, only sorry to have finished it, and hopeful that it is merely the latest, not the last, of the tales in its author's budget.

MRS. PETER LISTON. By the Earl of Ellesmere. 6s. (Heinemann.)

"I have known a case where a few judicious words from

* "Things Seen in Morocco." By A. J. Dawson. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen and Co.)

a stranger might have changed the current of three lives. But there was no one to say them." This remark, by one of the characters in this queer and rather original story, hardly clears up the situation. For more than three lives are affected by the actions of Mrs. Peter Liston, who, in a moment of hysteria, follows from his club, and stabs a man whom she mistakes for her scapegrace husband. This man, Martin Fordyce, is attracted afterwards by her, while his friend, Dr. Brent, falls in love with her sister—the latter pair being the most interesting people in the book. So that the current of their lives does happen to be changed more or less, though the author does not succeed in convincing us as to the motives of the wronged woman, or in delineating all his characters with precision.

LINDLEY KAYS. By Barry Pain. 6s. (Methuen.)

Probably because it is so unlike the best of that work with which we are wont to associate his name, we read the opening chapters of Mr. Barry Pain's "Lindley Kays" with a vague sense of disappointment. His humour is strongly individual, but his serious style has no distinctive note; nevertheless, the story is one of peculiar interest, and is amazingly clever in many of its details. Lindley himself, with his gusty enthusiasms, his alternating energy and indolence, is a brilliant psychological study; his character and his career are developed skilfully, and with occasional touches of vivid realism. He passes his earlier years in a quiet country town, where he grows up in a stuffy and oppressive religious atmosphere, with no prospect before him but that of by-and-bye joining his elder brother in their father's business of an ironmonger. He is saved from this dreaded fate by a legacy left to him by an aunt, and thereafter we have glimpses of his life at Cambridge, and later, as a successful dramatist and unsuccessful journalist in London. There is a boy-and-girl love romance, which looks hopeless at first, since Sonya Fielding is so far above him socially. And when they meet in later years, in London, this barrier has fallen, and another has arisen between them. One may doubt whether Sonya, meeting her girlhood's lover, and loving him still, was the sort of girl to marry another man, an elderly drunkard, for the sole purpose of reforming him, but she persists in her mission, and thus sows her path to ultimate happiness with much of misery for herself and for others.

THE SEINERS. By James B. Connolly. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This is a breezy, picturesque story of life among the deep-sea fishermen, whose fleets put out from the shores of New England and sail a-catching mackerel "off Hatteras or Cape May, or somewhere down that way." It is written graphically, in a free-and-easy, vigorously colloquial diction that is admirably in keeping with its theme. There are vivid pictures of perilous days and nights at sea, and during shore-going intervals, Captain Blake, a somewhat sombre, strong figure of a man, pursues his chequered wooing of sweet Lucy Foster—a charming love-idyll that a rival of the Captain and the shameless light-o'-love Miss Minnie Arkell do their unscrupulous best to mar. The book's chief interest and value lie in its wonderfully realistic narratives of the mackerel fisheries; they are so carelessly and so convincingly true that one cannot doubt Mr. Connolly writes them from the depths of personal experience; and those who care less for such faithful transcripts from real life than for a pleasant and interesting story will find that the story, pleasant and interesting, is here also.

A LADDER OF SWORDS. By Gilbert Parker. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The plot of "A Ladder of Swords" is slight, but in the deft hands of Sir Gilbert Parker it is sufficient to make a wholly idyllic and fascinating tale "of love, laughter, and tears." Here are a Huguenot maiden and her lover exiling themselves in Jersey for religion's sake, and championed, and that right loyally, by the Seigneur of Rozel, a great man in the island, a quaintly humorous, brave and boastful swaggerer, who, being rejected by the maiden himself, is yet eager, for love of her, to serve both her and her happier lover to the utmost. His adventurous journey and appearance with them at the court of Elizabeth in England, the absurd boldness of his appeal in their behalf for her sympathy and protection, and the crowning success of it, in face of the hatred and opposition of her reigning favourite, are delectable matters not to be marred by any bald repetition. The whole thing, dainty, dreamlike, and of almost gossamer lightness, captures the reader's fancy and holds him interested from the first page to the last.

THE SENTINEL OF WESSEX. By C. King Warry. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

As the title indicates, the author of this novel has stepped into a province familiar to readers of the "Well-beloved." There is even something in the book of Mr. Hardy's feeling for the latent paganism which survives in human nature, especially when confronted with Nature in her wilder aspects. But for all the virility of primitive life, later religious movements such as Methodism appeal also to the writer, who makes these the background of an extremely attractive story, the scene of which is laid during the days when smuggling was rife, and the Napoleonic invasion a real peril. Thirza Spencer's lovers include a dashing preventive officer and a local youth who enlists in the hope of doing some doughty deed to win his lady's praise. All ends happily. But the plot of the book is not its strong point. That rather lies in the capital descriptions of local life, which are done often with insight and real sympathy.

THE TYRANTS OF NORTH HYBEN. By Frank Dilnot. 6s. (John Lane.)

The tyrants of North Hyben, in Hampshire, appear to be for the most part two surly, honest blacksmiths, William and Simon, whose bark is worse than their bite. The story describes the career of a young farmer, Dick Carey, whose initial weakness of character, conjoined with the escapades of a ne'er-do-well brother, nearly wreck his happiness. Carey's character, at first, is not skilfully drawn. But the book improves as it proceeds, although the action is never more than slight. All comes right in the end, and long before that the reader feels at home with the blacksmiths and the other rustics who people the queer little parish. The book is a pleasant, admirable study of its class, and a special word of praise is due to its dainty get-up.

Wycoller Bridge (The Ferndean Manor of "Jane Eyre").

"I led him out of the wet and wild wood into some cheerful fields: I described to him how brilliantly green they were; how the flowers and hedges looked refreshed; how sparklingly blue was the sky. I sought a seat for him in a hidden and lovely spot, a dry stump of a tree; nor did I refuse to let him, when seated, place me on his knee."—"Jane Eyre."

(Reproduced from the Haworth Edition of "Jane Eyre," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

THE FUGITIVE. By Ezra S. Brudno. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Israel Abramowitch was the son of a wealthy Lithuanian Jew, who died by his own hand after being falsely accused of murdering a Christian child for ritualistic purposes. The boy was presently left a homeless and penniless orphan, and in "The Fugitive" we have the story of his miserable school-days, his desperate attempts to gain a living, his conflicts with the Russian authorities, and finally his escape to New York, where he ultimately won prosperity and happiness. The book is an exceedingly strong one. It holds our interest with the tenacity of a real biography. The nature of the book allows its author to traverse the whole field of Russian life, and he has neglected no portion of his opportunity. The story is necessarily a sad one, for its main purport is to paint the sufferings of the Russian Jew. Love had almost induced Israel Abramowitch to abjure his faith, when he was rudely recalled to his allegiance by a horrible massacre of the Jews at Kieff. In describing this event the author pushes realism to the utmost, but there is unhappily no reason to question the veracity of the narrative. The prevailing theme of the novel is cruelty and oppression, but frequently the clouds disperse and sunshine comes in the love-story of Katia Balniack.

HADRIAN THE SEVENTH. By Fr. Rolfe. 6s. (Chatto.)

Mr. Rolfe writes excellent English, but he writes too much of it; he is diffuse, and moreover has given less thought to the construction of his romance than to the purpose he had in composing it. This purpose seems to have been to advocate sweeping reforms in the Roman Catholic religion so that a way should be opened to a union of all the churches of Christendom. At the start we find his hero, George Rose, a fervent and high-minded Roman Catholic, living alone, smarting under a sense of the wrongs that have been inflicted on him by that priesthood to which he had aspired, and by certain friends among his co-religionists. Presently, a cardinal and a bishop, the latter an old friend, come to apologise for the treatment that had driven him into a lonely exile for the last twenty years, and to humble themselves and ask him to return into the fold that had rejected him. He returns; he becomes a priest; and it must be admitted that his long confession at this juncture is a mixture of windy self-conceit and bombastic silliness; then by an unexpected turn of events he is suddenly elected into the Papal Chair. This gives him the chance of putting his ideals into practice. But still he talks too much, to himself and to others, and the secret consultation with the German Emperor, who speaks of annexing Austria, Russia, and France, is, frankly, ridiculous. Mr. Rolfe writes of English Socialism with more assurance than knowledge, and his thinly veiled references to Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Burns, and Mr. Keir Hardie are in very bad taste. The book is worth reading; not as a novel, but as the embodiment of some interesting ideas.

A GARDEN OF SPINSTERS. By Annie E. Holdsworth (Mrs. Lee-Hamilton). 6s. (Scott.)

There are touches of quiet humour in some of these stories, but it is invariably the poignant humour that is the other side of tragedy. The prevailing note of the book is necessarily one of sadness, seeing that its stories are so largely of disappointment, of disillusion, and the grey loneliness of unmarried lives that are lived out more or less resignedly in the lingering twilight of some past romance. Now and then there are hints of harshest bitterness, as in the conclusion of "Wild Thyme"; one may prefer the sheer idyllic pathos of "Lavender" to the bitter and almost cruel irony of "Lad's Love," or the wry cynicism of "Love in a Mist"; but wherever your preferences may lie, Mrs. Lee-Hamilton writes always effectively, imaginatively, and with a sure knowledge of humanity, and each of her stories is, in its kind, a little masterpiece.

PORTALONE. By G. Ranger-Gull. 6s. (Greening.)
A MOORLAND PRINCESS. By A. G. Folliott-Stokes. 6s. (Greening.)

Mr. Ranger-Gull and Mr. Folliott-Stokes are intimate friends; each dedicates his book to the other with acknowledgments of the other's sympathy and influence; and there are interesting points of likeness between the two stories and the style in which they are written. Both are largely of Cornish life, and present vividly contrasted pictures of native character and the strange and bizarre beings who gyrate in the unconventional artist colonies scattered along the coast. In the one book, a military officer who has turned artist loves a woman who is already married; they frankly own their love for each other, but, strongly reticent and high-souled, remain true to each other and themselves, till a tragic death separates them for ever on earth. In the other, there is a similar situation, only it is the artist who is married, and the fates being kinder there is a happier ending. "Portalone" is the more realistic, "A Moorland Princess" the more romantic of the two; each story has its thrilling moments, some finely picturesque descriptive passages, some effective dramatic incidents, and is very ably and interestingly written throughout.

THE MYSTERIOUS MISS CASS. By G. W. Appleton. 6s. (John Long.)

Although its plot is, perhaps, run on rather more conventional lines than was that of the same author's "Rash Conclusions," "The Mysterious Miss Cass" is sufficiently ingenious, and full of sensational happenings. There is a plenty of scheming and mystery, and a satisfactory conclusion that is not to be revealed here. Mr. Appleton brings some of his startling events to pass by adopting the easiest and most orthodox expedients. Miss Cass has to overhear a certain important conversation, so she returns into the room to look for a ring she thinks she had dropped there. In the same chapter, as it is necessary that Mortimer, the hero, should go back to the house of his benefactor in order to find him dead in the few minutes that have elapsed since he left him, he returns for his walking-stick, which he suddenly remembers he has forgotten to bring away with him. But apart from such small blemishes as these, this is altogether a brisk, clever, and absorbingly entertaining story.

THE EARTHLY PURGATORY. By L. Dougall. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

This is a clever story in which a plot of purely melodramatic interest is treated with artistic restraint and sobriety. With each chapter the mystery round which the whole novel has been built up is driven deeper. The complication increases absolutely to the end. Until the actual moment of revelation, not a hint is given which could lead to a premature solution. There has been a ghastly and extraordinary murder, but the mystery of the murderer intensifies with an accumulative interest. At the same time, the book is singularly aloof from ordinary sensational literature. Its manner is absolutely devoid of excitement. The development has no lurid or scenic climaxes. The style is noticeably finished and dignified, and its pre-occupations are as much with personality, with emotion, and the inexplicable and delicate contradictions of the human heart, as with the successful maintenance of its criminal drama. Few novels are so free from the superfluous. Everything that has no bearing upon the progress of the story has been omitted. As a result each figure stands out with a singular sharpness of impression. One seems to see the two sisters, in their conventional orderly dwelling, and to feel the incongruity of the tragedy someone else's sin has fastened upon them. Some inconsistencies there are of course. In real life discovery could scarcely have been delayed so long. Also the reader is a little hurt by the unloving nature of the end. The incurable human desire for romance feels chilled at this denial of all tender emotions. One at least of the charming sisters might have been provided with a husband. Nevertheless—and one cannot have everything even in fiction—the writer is to be congratulated upon an extremely exciting plot, accompanied by some tranquil and attractive character studies and a very easy and natural manner.

HYSSOP. By James Prior. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The story deals with one of the cases of sudden and total loss of memory, of which so many actual instances have occurred during recent months. The subject is good, for the accident is one open to any of us. In a complete effacement of recollection also, the potentialities open to a novelist are literally enormous. In "Hyssop" the incident commences with a railway accident and the rescue of a young girl by a linen draper's assistant. She is brought into the home he shares with a mother and several brothers and sisters. Concussion of the brain follows, and for a time

Photo J. J. Stead.

Wath Church, near Norton Conyers,

Where the wedding of Rochester and Jane Eyre was to have taken place.

"And now I can recall the picture of the grey old house of God rising calm before me, of a rook wheeling round the steeple, of a ruddy morning sky beyond. I remember something, too, of the green grave-mounds; and I have not forgotten, either, two figures of strangers straying amongst the low hillocks and reading the mementoes graven on the few mossy head-stones. I noticed them, because, as they saw us, they passed round to the back of the church; and I doubted not they were going to enter by the side-aisle door and witness the ceremony. . . . . .

"We entered the quiet and humble temple; the priest waited in his white surplice at the lowly altar, the clerk beside him. All was still."—"Jane Eyre."

Photo J. J. Stead.

Wycoller Hall (The Ferndean Manor of "Jane Eyre").

"'Can there be life here?' I asked.

"Yes, life of some kind there was; for I heard a movement—that narrow front-door was unclosing, and some shape was about to issue from the grange.

"It opened slowly: a figure came out into the twilight and stood on the step; a man without a hat: he stretched forth his hand as if to feel whether it rained. Dusk as it was, I had recognised him—it was my master, Edward Fairfax Rochester, and no other."—"Jane Eyre."

her life is in danger. She recovers, but in doing so begins existence over again, all recollection of identity, or of any knowledge preceding the accident, having become completely dead in her. So far the episode is natural enough. The rest of the book, admirably written though it is, suggests the purely imaginative. The lower middle-class is of all grades of society the most difficult to write about convincingly. The mingling of vulgarity and refinement, the curious intermixture of instincts and manners, are almost impossible to seize accurately. In the subtleties of transition and indefiniteness, and in the fact that no class is less overlapped, or more "keeps itself to itself," all intimate handling seems outside the reach of simple intuition. Mr. Prior has been inclined, we think, to err on the side of refinement. The case of the girl Eva also, raises inevitable uncertainties. For the creature, so gentle and delicate in all her ways, when suddenly memory returns to her, reveals a girl, if not actually off the streets, of the very lowest description. The end is a little obscure, though the interest is sustained to the last chapter, and Eva herself, in her groping, half-wistful child-likeness, is singularly attractive. Her abrupt backsliding is, it is true, somewhat of a shock, but does not come absolutely without preparation. "Hyssop" is a book that will attract a large number of readers, for the subject is not without freshness, and its treatment is full of sympathy and kindliness.

HENRY BROCKEN. By W. J. De La Mare. 6s. (Murray.)

Only the necessities of classification can justify the appearance of "Henry Brocken" on this page. For the book is pure poetry from beginning to end, and to try to describe it were as vain as to attempt the description of a lyric or of a flower. It is a prose fantasy; a book of "travels and adventures in the rich, strange, scarce-imaginable regions of romance. . . . . regions where the wise and the imaginative and the immortal have been before him," regions of which all that can be affirmed is "that their frontier stretches just this side of Dream; that they border Impossibility; lie parallel with Peace." Thus it happens that taking Henry Brocken as our guide we find ourselves transported from the work-a-day world to a bleak moorland where we meet and converse with Lucy Gray. Riding on we come to a sequestered garden, where a long evening is spent in the company of Rochester and Jane Eyre. Then we come to a still fairer garden, where we are served with great dishes of cherries and bowls of sillabub by the nymphs of the Hesperides, Julia, Electra, and Dianeme, who "have sat in these mortal glades ever since our poor Herrick died." From a visit to Bottom and Titania we are whisked away to the land of the Houyhnhnms, where we find Mr. Gulliver confronting the neighing rabble with defeat staring from his eyes and lines of insane thought disfiguring his face. At the inn, The World's End, we meet Mr. Pliable and all the jurymen who condemned Mr. Faithful to the stake. In the course of further adventures we encounter the Palely Loitering Knight-at-Arms, we discover Annabel Lee building her castles of sand, we have much good talk with Lady Macbeth's physician, and finally we come for a spell under the glamour of Criseyde. It is a wonderful and fascinating journey, recorded with rare literary skill. The thread of allegory is sometimes spun with too great subtlety. But the book is full of charm, and underlying the fantasy is a wealth of thoughtful criticism.

THE DIVINE FIRE. By May Sinclair. 6s. (Constable.)

The brilliant promise first displayed in "Mr. and Mrs. Neville Tyson" is very satisfactorily fulfilled in this remarkable and very able book. Miss Sinclair began with a very striking miniature. She has now attempted a canvas of the most ambitious size, and in our opinion the subjects are grouped no less well and are drawn as firmly as was the case in the earlier and less ambitious design. The story is that of a present-day Keats who had the physical strength to refuse to be snuffed out either by an article or by the horrors of the modern Grub Street. Rickman was the son of a London bookseller, a poet of real genius condemned to serve behind a counter. He was discovered by an Oxford don, who later became a famous London editor, and the accident of business brought the poet, who suffered agonies by reason of his inability to manage the "rough breathing"—*i.e.* he dropped his aitches—into contact with Lucia Harden, the don's cousin and the proprietrix of the splendid Harden library. The Cockney poet, besides being a genius, was one of nature's gentlemen, and the central theme of the story is his attempt, ultimately successful, to free his hands from the stain of a commercial roguery which he unwittingly helped to commit against the lady who was to inspire his immortal verse. Around this there is woven an elaborate and very skilfully drawn plot, which embraces a great variety of extremely interesting men and women, including many typical specimens from modern literary life, many from the sordid regions of Bloomsbury boarding-houses, at least one remarkable one from the lower depths that are entered upon off Tottenham Court Road. Throughout a very long novel Miss Sinclair has no difficulty in arresting our attention. Her skill as a delineator of character is best seen in the masterly picture of the poet. She makes us writhe at his gaucherie, but he is never ridiculous. Had she once allowed us to laugh at the hero, the book would have been a hopeless failure. But Miss Sinclair skates over this very thin ice with quite remarkable skill and ease. Indeed, throughout the whole book the characterisation is unusually excellent. At some points the novel invites comparison with Dickens, at others with Gissing; we are bound to say that in point of fidelity to fact Miss Sinclair survives the comparison. When she enters "New Grub Street" Miss Sinclair is probably more reminiscent of these two masters than original; but she is never unconvincing, and it is her real distinction that she bestows on all her characters—stars and supers alike—the same skill and pains. The story is as pleasant to the taste as it is satisfying to one's artistic conscience. It is a careful work of art, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, it should hang on the line among the best literary pictures of the year.

THE DEVOTEES. By O. Shakespear. 6s. (Heinemann.)

There is a faint suggestion of "What Maisie Knew" in the material of "The Devotees." The story begins like it with the impressions made upon the mind of a sensitive child by the improprieties and disillusions of its parents. Tony as a boy is slightly reminiscent of Maisie, and in the first part of the book the action of the grown-ups is revealed largely through the dim perceptions and unconscious observations of the child who is to pay so heavily for the weaknesses of his parents. In manner of course comparison is impossible. Henry James is the present master of subtle and intuitive expression in fiction. Tony also grows up long before the end of the story, and is driven during the latter portion of it between two influences—a compassionate passion for his frail and faulty mother, and a new desire and tenderness for a playmate of his childhood. The character of this girl, Marie, is like a portrait painted from life. She is unusual, but never anything but absolutely real. The love story between these two, and their long sacrifices for Tony's mother, is told with an artistic slenderness of material. It is hardly more than a delicate and suggestive sketch, but the impression left of the scenes between them is extraordinarily poignant nevertheless. Their youth, and the bond of sadness through which they turn inevitably to one another, linger in the mind. To the end they seem little more than wistful and harshly treated children, while in the case of Marie a large margin of pleasant indefiniteness remains. Completely explained and expounded, all the woman's grace of mystery would have evaporated.

THE END OF THE SONG. By the Countess of Cromartie. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

There is much sweetness of feeling in this collection of short stories. Perhaps the word sweet is the one that most accurately describes them. All the heroines bear a strong resemblance to one another—they are in fact similar almost to monotony. Their beauty is of the small, fragile, appealing type, and they have all an eerie quality and clinging, childlike ways. To each of them love comes with the same conquerant absorption. At the voice of love they are like the children after the pied piper. But in the brevity of the stories this excessive sweetness is saved to a certain extent from cloying, while along with it there is a certain pleasant breath of wildness and of the open air. The old free days of Erin, when kings were many, and every man and woman's life was more or less of an adventure, have a renewing absence of any form of subtlety. Emotions were primitive and untrammelled. When they loved they loved with ardour and

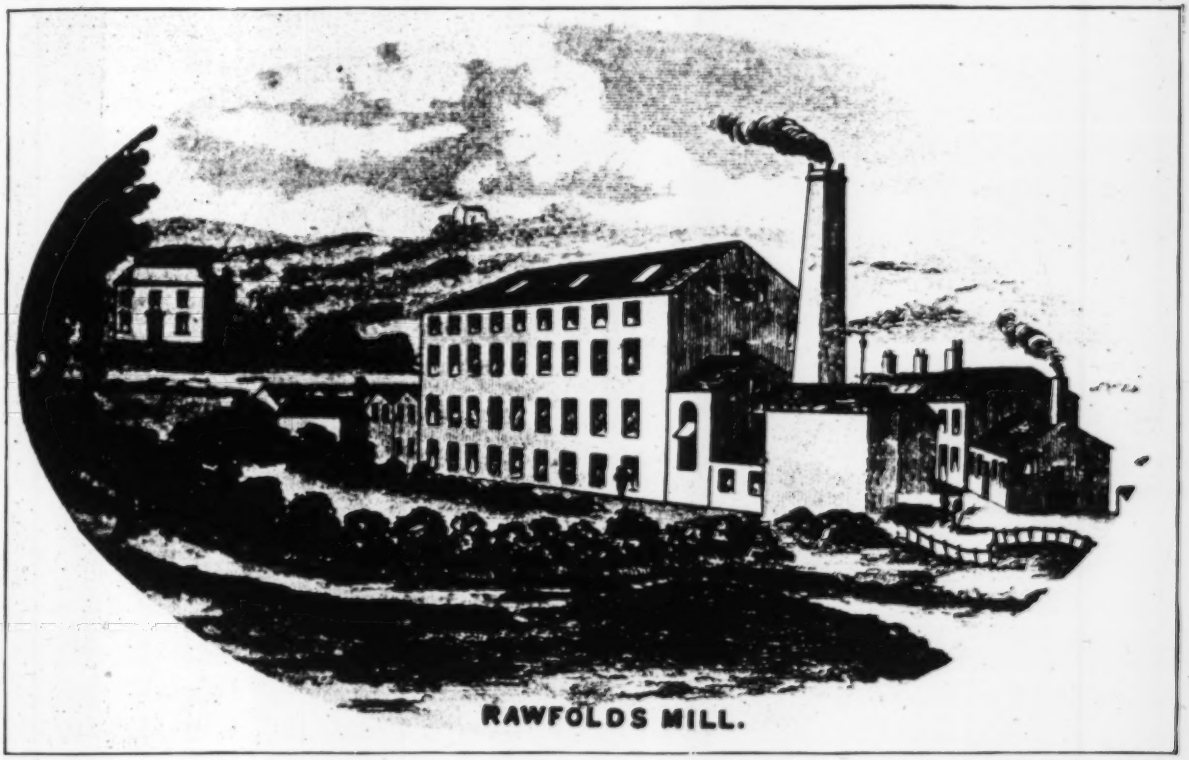


Photo J. J. Stead.

Rawfolds Mill.

The mill, now no longer in existence, where the attack of rioters actually took place. The description of Hollows Mill in "Shirley" was taken from Hunsworth Mill.

"A crash—smash—shiver—stopped their whispers. A simultaneously-hurled volley of stones had saluted the broad front of the mill, with all its windows; and now every pane of every lattice lay in shattered and pounded fragments. A yell followed this demonstration—a rioters' yell—a North-of-England—a Yorkshire—a West-Riding—a West-Riding-clothing-district-of-Yorkshire rioters' yell. You never heard that sound, perhaps, reader? So much the better for your ears—perhaps for your heart; since, if it rends the air in hate to yourself, or to the men or principles you approve, the interests to which you wish well, Wrath wakens to the cry of Hate: the Lion shakes his mane, and rises to the howl of the Hyena: Caste stands up, ireful against Caste; and the indignant, wronged spirit of the Middle Rank bears down in zeal and scorn on the famished and furious mass of the Operative class. It is difficult to be tolerant—difficult to be just—in such moments."—"Shirley."

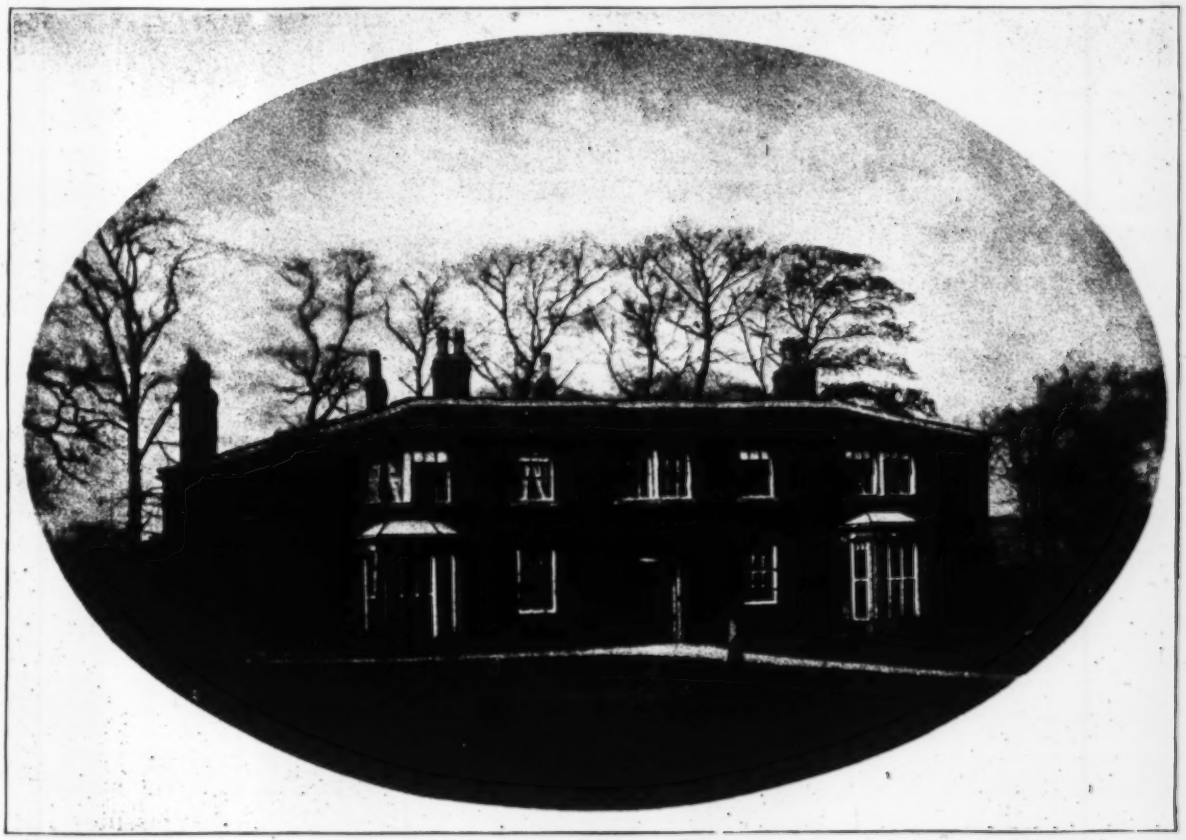


Photo J. J. Stead.

Red House, Gomersal (The Briarmains of "Shirley").

The residence of Mr. Joshua Taylor (Hiram Yorke of "Shirley").

"But if Briar Chapel seemed alive, so also did Briarmains, though certainly the mansion appeared to enjoy a quieter phase of existence than the temple; some of its windows, too, were aglow. The lower casements opened upon the lawn, curtains concealed the interior, and partly obscured the ray of the candles which lit it, but they did not entirely muffle the sound of voice and laughter."—Shirley."

(Reproduced from the Haworth Edition of "Shirley," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

Miss Ellen Nussey.

(Reproduced from Clement K. Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle.")

vehemence, and when they hated killing was a natural business. In these little tales of love and violence the violence is told with a simpleness that helps considerably to create a natural atmosphere. It was not an age when physical pain created any excitement. Individualism started at a later period. In the present volume the love itself seems to us a trifle more delicate and more piteous than the combative existence of the clans would suggest as likely. But the writing is pretty, and in the unadventurous propriety of modern life the recklessness of our forefathers is rather a cheerful circumstance to be reminded of.

ANGELO BASTIANI. By Lionel Cust. 6s. (Constable.)

Mr. Cust has given us a very daintily written tale of woe. The book is in many ways quite out of the beaten track. Its plot is of the most fragile kind, and the characters in the tragedy number only three: Angelo, the type of the neurotic, ignorant, and jealous Venetian of to-day; his wretched wife, Bianca; and Signor Nicolini, the dashing and profligate draper. The story reads like an actual page from the Newgate Calendar of modern Venice. Mr. Cust can at least be congratulated on the courage with which he carries his grim and sordid story to its inevitable conclusion, but it is open to doubt if it was worth while dwelling at such length on a wretched life history which finds parallels in the slums of any great city. There are some good illustrations by Mr. Frank H. Mason, but they seem rather out of place in such a book, and do not really illustrate the text.

THE ROSE SPINNER. By Mary Deane. 6s. (Murray.)

This is a novel of the year 1719, when English gentlemen were wont to observe curious ceremonies in toasting the King "over the water," and to make many references in their speech to "Hanover Rats." It was also the time when all England went mad over the South Sea Bubble. Mr. Meredyth pursued both these will-o'-the-wisps, and this novel is concerned with his consequent misfortunes. Mr. Meredyth had many charming daughters, also a family ghost who used to spin roses. With them, also, is the novel concerned. The most charming of all the daughters fell in love with Henry Alexander, the outlawed Earl of Stirling, and a very complicated plot is required to bring the lovers to the port of matrimony. But it is quite a good plot, and one that has a very excellent story for its explication. The author has, indeed, been at too great pains to attain verisimilitude. Less local colour would have reached a more effective end. The promise of the book is much greater than its performance. The writing is excellent, but the characters do not really live: they are suffocated under an undue burden of "historical colour." Some of them, indeed, approach to real life; but at the critical moment we discover the artifice that really gives them animation. The illusion is good, but it is not ever complete.

FELICITA. By Christopher Hare. 6s. (Harpers.)

This is an entirely idyllic story of fourteenth century Italy. It is a love romance, and the course of true love runs anything but smoothly in it, but through much of tribulation the knightly Andrea, and Felicita, a most unaffectedly winsome heroine, come at last to happiness. Felicita has the shadow of a great tragedy lying dark over the years of her childhood. Her mother dying, she is brought up by the man who had murdered her father, and shrinks from the marriage her guardian has arranged for her. She is separated from Andrea, and for awhile there seems no hope for them, but, after the intervention of many strange chances, in the end, "once more the lovers were together, with no barrier between them. Snatched from the jaws of death, survivors from a plague-stricken world, how could they fail to see the guiding hand of Providence in this happy meeting? Whatever the future might have in store for them, henceforth they would be together for weal or woe." A somewhat slight but very charming romance, illustrated with several beautiful photographs of the places in and around which it is enacted.

BATS AT TWILIGHT. By Helen M. Boulton. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Despite certain baldly unpleasant developments of the story, and the impossibility of feeling much sympathy for any of its characters, "Bats at Twilight" is one of the books that is worth reading. A heroine who is painfully deaf, an aunt who suffers from a troublesome liver, another aunt who tells lies as a natural accompaniment of diabetes, and a cook with a bad leg, rather overload the story with nasty physical infirmities. When the heroine, who is beautiful though deaf, compromises her reputation by being too friendly with a married doctor who pitied her in her affliction, and, shrinking from the consequent scandal, marries a man old enough to be her grandfather. and finds too late that the man she really loves, loves and would have had her marry him, she is pure and high-minded enough to remain true to her elderly husband. But presently that elderly person proves to be anything but the mild and blameless character she had thought him. While she is ill, he brings down to the house to nurse her, a young girl with whom he had lived disreputably in the past; his son by a first marriage comes to the house, sees this girl, falls in love with her, and would have married her but his father is jealous and tells him the truth. Maddened by the shock of what he has heard, he murders her, and he and his father for a time succeed in hiding the crime. Even the happy ending cannot do away with the fact that it is a squalid and unpleasant story, but it is written with so much of imagination and strength that one hopes to see another novel from Miss Boulton with a more wholesome and a more probable plot.

THE ORANGERY. By Mabel Dearmer. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Though "The Orangery" answers to Mrs. Dearmer's description of it, and is, indeed, "A Comedy of Tears," it is a very brightly written and wholly entertaining comedy, none the less. The action of the story covers only fourteen days in the later years of the eighteenth century, and the capriciousness and the innocent, unconventional boldness of its fascinating heroine, Deborah Carey, are responsible for the misunderstandings and the amusing and sometimes perilous complications in which she and her lover, Sir Miles Courtenay, and certain of her family and friends, are bewilderingly involved. You may perhaps doubt whether she and Sir Miles would misunderstand each other so much and so easily, but the story of their game of cross-purposes is ingeniously contrived, and so lightly and deftly written, that you cannot fail to enjoy it, and will not feel disposed to do anything else.

THE PICAROONS. By Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

You suspect from its sub-title of "A San Francisco Night's Entertainment" that "The Picaroons" is to some extent fashioned on the lines of certain of Stevenson's fantastic fictions, and to some extent your suspicions are justified. The series opens at the shop of "Coffee John," on a night when John has to give a free banquet to the first three men who enter his establishment after a stated hour. The fortunate three are a lad in a red sweater, a man in spectacles, and a shabby, neurotic rascal in a battered Derby hat—all of

Photo J. J. Stead.

Miss Margaret Wooler (Mrs. Pryor of "Shirley").

"The lady had the clearest voice imaginable . . . . and a form decidedly inclined to embonpoint."—"Shirley."

Photo J. J. Stead.

The Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls about 1854.

Charlotte Brontë was married to Mr. Nicholls on June 29th, 1854.

The Rev. Patrick Brontë.

Incumbent of Haworth, and father of three famous daughters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Clement Shorter).

Photo J. J. Stead.

The Rev. James C. Bradley (Mr. Sweeting of "Shirley").

"Mr. Sweeting was bantered about his stature . . . rallied on his musical accomplishments . . . sneered at as 'the ladies' pet.'" "Shirley."

them petty adventurers living by their wits. Coffee John leads off, after dinner, by telling the story of Solomon Bauer and his quaint journalistic syndicate, and the reason that induces Solomon still to send him once a year a cheque, and orders to celebrate that day "by givin' the best dinner money can buy to the fust three blokes as turns up here after 8.30." The other three then, in turn, relate divers adventures of their own, and the remaining stories (there are fourteen in all) are told by persons with whom these three subsequently foregather. They make a multi-coloured collection—fantastic, humorous, and sensational, and though the humour is occasionally a little strained, and they have not the Stevenson charm of style, they are written freshly and vividly, and are altogether entertaining.

The Bookman's Table.

JAPAN BY THE JAPANESE. Edited by Alfred Stead. 20s. net. (Heinemann.)

If we could imagine a Japanese writer coming here to persuade men like Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Rosebery, Lord Kitchener, Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Cromer, Sir John Gorst, the Board of Trade, the Governor of the Bank of England, and other authorities, to give succinct accounts of British polity, policy, education, finance, and so forth; if we could imagine these statements collected and published as a reliable description of our Empire, this would correspond, in some degree, to the extraordinary enterprise which Mr. Alfred Stead has carried out in the pages of this large, instructive, comprehensive volume. Dedicated by permission to the Emperor of Japan, it contains an exhaustive series of papers and speeches, compiled for the purpose of correcting misconceptions about our ally, and of exhibiting her ideas and national aims, as these present themselves to the minds of some of her most noted professors, financiers, and publicists. The plan of the volume, together with the admirable execution of the editor's duties, may be said to afford a sound basis for any appreciation of the Japanese nationality. How illuminating it is, for example, to be told by the President of the Japanese Chambers of Commerce that business success in Japan is handicapped by four peculiarities in the Japanese character: 'firstly, impulsiveness, which causes them to be enthusiastic during successful business, and progressive, even to rashness, when filled with enthusiasm; secondly, lack of patience, which causes easy discouragement when business is not so successful; thirdly, disinclination for union; and fourthly, they do not honour credit as they should; that which is so important a factor in financial success." Or, to be told in all seriousness, that the bravery of Japanese soldiers is partly due to the influence of the heroic tales in the ancient literature of their country. These are but specimens of the insight which no foreigner could obtain easily. On the other hand, this method of self-presentation has its drawbacks. A certain lack of unity is one. Another is that writers who are stating their case to an inquiring and critical world, are apt to be more advocates than judges. Their very patriotism, honourable as it is, serves to bias insensibly their verdicts, and more than once, especially in the chapters on Education and Religion, one seems to feel the apologetic atmosphere, as though the writers were naïvely putting the best face on the matter, for all their frankness and sincerity. This does not, however, invalidate the claim of the volume to be in most respects a first-hand, authoritative, fascinating statement of Japan in the making, a volume which must be, of course, a work of reference, rather than anything else, and which is furnished with rich appendices and a capital index of subjects. It is years since Ruskin avowed that he could not help regarding the Japanese sometimes as highly superior apes rather than as human beings. If any prejudice of this kind survives, it will melt as the pages of this book are turned and conned. In fact, while they record what Japan has learned and proposes to learn, they will leave all but the self-satisfied British Philistine with the uneasy conviction that it may be Britain's turn now to learn something from the vigour and enthusiasm of her eastern ally. Besides, anything that promotes a better understanding of this people is to the good. And Mr. Stead will have earned the gratitude of two peoples, if his labours succeed in opening the eyes of British readers (blinded often by Loti, comic operas, and Muscovite prejudices) to such facts as the inherent absurdity of the "Yellow Peril" cry, the basis of national solidity that underlies the rapid and recent development of Japan, and the dominant place of commercial and industrial, not of military, aims in her programme for this century.

ORDERED TO CHINA. Letters of Wilbur J. Chamberlin. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Chamberlin was the correspondent of the *New York Sun* in Pekin during the troubles of 1900-1901, and the letters which he sent home to his wife and sisters have here been collected as a memorial of his unhappily brief career. The letters were, of course, not written for publication, but they are of surpassing interest. Mr. Chamberlin scored many successes for the paper he represented, and his letters reveal the alert and practised observer. His criticism of the allies is severe, and many of his statements are touched with an exaggeration which would doubtless have been pruned in any of the author's published work. But they are delightful letters—the work of an accomplished journalist, who could always find time after the exacting labour of the day to write to those at home loving letters full of brilliant and humorous description. To such a degree do the letters win for their writer the friendship of their readers that the announcement of the concluding page is something of a painful shock.

MY MEMORY OF GLADSTONE. By Goldwin Smith. 2s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Interesting and of undoubted value as anything must be from the hand of its writer, this little book does not fulfil the expectation created by its title. For it is in reality but an essay on Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone," and personal reminiscence is almost a negligable quantity. Mr. Goldwin Smith rapidly surveys the chief crises in Gladstone's wonderful career, and his comments may be described as shrewd but unsympathetic. The titanic power of work, the splendid integrity, the eloquence, the personal magnetism of the

Martha Brown, the Brontës' Faithful Servant.

"Martha Brown was a native of Haworth, and servant with the Brontës from her tenth year, when she went to assist 'Tabby.' She became housekeeper at the parsonage from Charlotte's death in 1855 until the death of Mr. Brontë in 1861."—Note in Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Clement K. Shorter.)

Photo J. J. Stead.

Mr. William Cartwright (Robert Gérard Moore of "Shirley").

"He seems unconscious that his features are fine, that they have a Southern symmetry, clearness, regularity in their chiselling; nor does a spectator become aware of this advantage till he has examined him well, for an anxious countenance and a hollow, somewhat haggard, outline of face, disturb the idea of beauty with one of care. His eyes are large, and grave, and gray; their expression is intent and meditative, rather searching than soft, rather thoughtful than genial. When he parts his lips in a smile his physiognomy is agreeable—not that it is frank or cheerful even then, but you feel the influence of a certain sedate charm, suggestive, whether truly or delusively, of a considerate, perhaps a kind nature: of feelings that may wear well at home; patient, forbearing, possibly faithful feelings."—"Shirley."

leader are justly appraised, but the critic never deviates into enthusiasm. His estimate, however, concludes with the admission that "as an embodiment of some great qualities, especially of loyalty to righteousness, he has left no equal behind him."

THE ROAD TO MANHOOD. By W. Beach Thomas. 6s. (G. Allen.)

Probably most of us would like to have written the undying phrase about the importance of the battles on "playing-fields" as against those of Marathon; yet few of us will grudge the Iron Duke the credit almost unanimously allowed him for the remark. Mr. Beach Thomas, however, born too late to make the phrase, has done his best to amplify it, and has done it most excellently. The boy on his way to manhood must be a future citizen; he must help, whatever his station or his chances, to represent the nation, and represent it well. And by games and by character shall he do it. Mr. Thomas is quite of opinion that games should not absorb all a boy's interest; he is also of opinion that riding, firing, boxing, swimming are as important as cricket and football, and he gives chapters to all; he is also an encourager of "make-up" games when one is unable to get the most correct form—he would encourage anything that trains body, mind and character; but it must all be done sincerely and with a will. For public school boys, their masters, and their brothers at home this is the book to possess.

SHELLEY: An Essay. By A. A. Jack. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

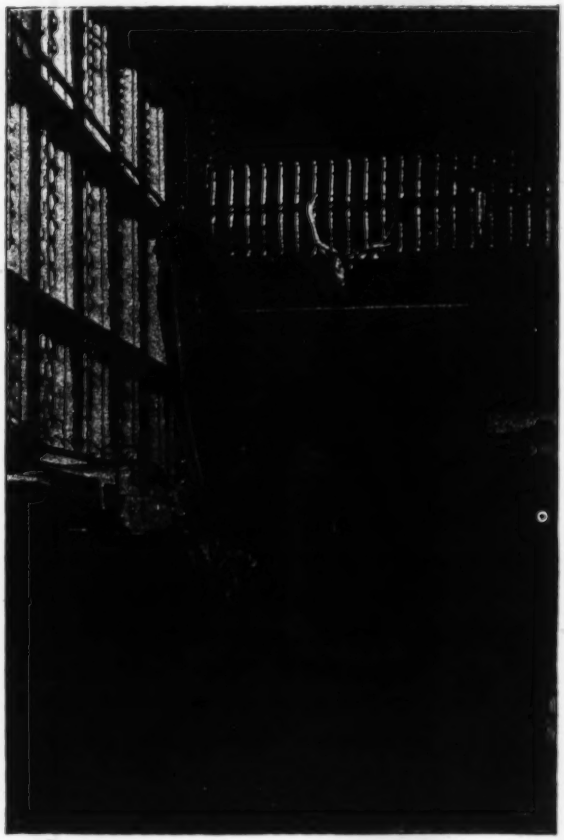
"Shelley is like ourselves, but he is unlike ourselves in this, that the secret of things is what has charm for him, not the things themselves." These are the concluding words of Mr. Jack's essay: an essay which charms by its descriptions and allusions as well as instructs in the subtler ways of Shelley's mind. When all is said and done Shelley was variable, Shelley was complex, Shelley was antagonistic, Shelley was impatient: but at the same time Shelley was wide- and deep- sighted, and he thought largely even when he wrote less largely; in a word, Shelley possessed genius. Mr. Jack shows us that Shelley's poetry is vague, indefinite, because when Shelley gets away from polemics he is master of a world of light, and air and sound, not of the world we know, the world in which we touch hands with human beings, but of a world where there is much of beauty and light, but where the idea means most to the poet. Mr. Jack pays generous tribute to Mr. Stopford Brooke's essay on Shelley, in "Selections from Shelley," "a volume," he says, "which no subsequent writer on the poet can afford to neglect."

LETTERS FROM A SILENT STUDY. By John Oliver Hobbes. 3s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)

Some twenty brief essays are collected in this little book, which is best described in the author's words as "a series of notes, more or less critical, on life." Mrs. Craigie's work serves to remind us of the ancient alliance between brevity and wit, but the scope she has allowed herself is somewhat unsatisfactory. It results in what can be called neither essays nor maxims. The papers are written with a pleasing simplicity of style, and their matter is shrewd and suggestive. But as coming from Mrs. Craigie we confess they disappoint us. The philosophy is too often of the proverbial kind. The concluding essay on Fielding's Amelia would have pleased us best had it not been for the description of a modern heroine "obtaining, in a sweet conversation and a tea-gown, several thousand pounds from a Platonic admirer."

WITH MILTON AND THE CAVALIERS. By Mrs. Boas. 6s. (Nisbet.)

The vagueness of the title prepares one for the discursive nature of the contents of this well-appointed book. It con-



Oakwell Hall (The Fieldhead of "Shirley").

"Mr. and Miss Helstone were ushered into a parlour. Of course, as was to be expected in such a Gothic old barrack, this parlour was lined with oak; fine dark, glossy panels compassed the walls gloomily and grandly. Very handsome, reader, these shining brown panels are—very mellow in colouring and tasteful in effect—but, if you know what a 'spring clean' is, very execrable and inhuman. Whoever, having the bowels of humanity, has seen servants scrubbing at these polished wooden walls with beeswaxed cloths on a warm May day must allow that they are 'intolerable, and not to be endured.'"—"Shirley."

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Photo J. J. Stead.

Healds Hall, Liversedge.

The residence of the Rev. Hammond Roberson, the Rev. Matthewson Helstone of "Shirley."

"There was a Mr. Roberson, of Heald's Hall, a friend of Mr. Brontë, who has left a deep impression of himself on the public mind. He lived near Heckmondwike, a large, straggling, dirty village, not two miles from Roe Head. It was principally inhabited by blanket weavers, who worked in their own cottages; and Heald's Hall is the largest house in the village of which Mr. Roberson was the vicar. At his own cost he built a handsome church at Liversedge, on a hill opposite the one on which his house stood, which was the first attempt in the West Riding to meet the wants of the overgrown population."—Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

tains simple sketches of Charles I., Cromwell, Strafford and other politicians, together with biographical appreciations of the chief literary men of the seventeenth century. We can unreservedly recommend the book for the school library. The style is excellently suited for the purpose aimed at, and successfully avoids the condescending kind of simplicity which is, perhaps, the literary fault most obnoxious to juvenile readers. The narrative is always vivid and interesting, and is written with a genuine enthusiasm that is likely to induce its readers to make further acquaintance with the history and literature of the time.

THE CHRONICLES OF AN OLD CAMPAIGNER (1692-1717). Edited by Lieut.-Col. Horsley. 18s. net. (Murray.)

The translator has every right to think that there are "many general readers, besides expert soldiers, who will appreciate an old soldier's account of his personal experiences in the campaigns of France against those distinguished brothers-in-arms, Marlborough and Eugene, and in Prince Eugene's defeat of the last Turkish effort to invade Europe proper at Belgrade." These chronicles were first published in 1737, but no English edition has hitherto appeared. The work was well worth doing, for the narrative is full of picturesque details of the war of the Spanish Succession. It is undoubtedly to military men that it makes more immediate appeal, for the gallant soldier-author, M. de la Colonie, for the most part, sticks to his guns. The regiment he commanded consisted of some of the choicest ruffians who served in the Low Countries: they were mostly deserters with a fine turn for looting. But the Colonel had an equal genius for discipline, and his deserters evolved into bold dragoons. The crowning moment of M. de la Colonie's life was when Prince Eugene "pushed his way through the crowd, fell on my neck, and did me the honour to kiss me in the height of his joy with inexpressible tenderness." Nor, to tell the truth, was Prince Eugene the only one who kissed the Colonel in the course of his campaign. He writes in terms of delightfully solemn reproof of his superior officer, who had not time to be present at Blenheim, as he had to return to Munich to court the Elector's cook. The Colonel never neglected duty, but he played terrible havoc with the hearts of French and German countesses. He stooped to conquer only countesses. Though he writes with becoming modesty and with the gravity of Don Quixote, it is easy to see that he means to convey the impression that he was a terrible fellow both in love and in war. Colonel Horsley seems to have succeeded with extraordinary skill in reproducing the whimsical gravity of his author's style. The two Colonels furnish an excellent illustration of the *entente cordiale* which is indispensable for the production of a really good translation.

A LEADER OF SOCIETY AT NAPOLEON'S COURT. By Catherine Bearne. 10s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mrs. Bearne has found material for yet another interesting book in the bye-paths of French history. In this case the quest was comparatively easy, for the Duchesse d'Abrantès, the subject of this work, was herself a voluminous writer on her own life and times. On her mother's side Laure Permon was of Corsican descent, and Napoleon was an old friend of the family. From her childhood she was accordingly very much behind the scenes, and her relations with Napoleon were still more intimate after her marriage, at the age of sixteen, with his favourite aide-de-camp, General Junot. Her thirteen years of married life were full of splendour and incident, and it is a very interesting personality that unfolds itself in Mrs. Bearne's somewhat shapeless narrative. At the time of Junot's death, the Duchesse quarrelled violently with Napoleon, so that considerable deduction must be made from her later criticisms; but throughout the entire volume Buonaparte is never seen to advantage. His friends he cast aside like old clothes; while he preached the virtues of a pure court he conducted innumerable liaisons, of which the vulgarity was not even redeemed by gallantry. In spite of its unmethodical arrangement, the book succeeds in giving a really vivid picture of Napoleon's court. It is an excellent specimen of popular history, and is well produced; but the lapses in syntax confirm a general suspicion that the book has been written in haste.

THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH. By Esther Faithfull Fleet. 2 vols. 6s. each. (H. J. Drane.)

The author of this ample, leisurely book makes her first

appearance as a writer at the age of eighty, and her work is marked by the quiet, sweetly old-fashioned manner of imparting information. "The Dayspring from On High" is a truly religious book, a book for fathers, mothers, teachers to read to questioning children, or gain from its pages lessons which they need to impress—lessons from the life of Christ which are here in abundance, with full and attractive details of the country and the customs of the Holy Land. The volumes are written in the form of a domestic story, and many "modern instances" brighten their pages. Mrs. Fleet's husband, John George Fleet, founder of the Church of England Sunday School Institute, worked in his lifetime with energy, enthusiasm, and what may be called a genius for teaching, in spreading Christianity in Sunday schools and Bible classes. His wife has worked with equal sincerity in the less public sphere—domestic life—and this book is an intelligent outcome of her wise methods and a proof of her understanding of the enquiring young mind.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT ANIMALS. By Frank Gibson. 3s. 6d. (Walter Scott Publishing Co.)

Mr. Gibson speaks truly, of course, when he says that "In all ages, so far as we are able to discover, except that which the Creator blessed with His approval, and among 'all tribes and tongues,' superstition has existed in some of its varied forms, and I think I may safely include the present age among the rest." But we think he asserts too much when he speaks of the belief in superstitious ideas being not much less in this century than in the earliest. We still remember many old sayings, old omens and so forth, and we do not relish "unlucky" signs, but surely we cannot be said to *act* upon superstitions and be guided by them to any great extent nowadays. There are cases of superstitious behaviour, undoubtedly, and there are a few superstitions which only a very few persons fly in the face of, but these are, we think, the exceptions. It is this fact, indeed, which makes Mr. Gibson's book more interesting than it might be otherwise, for it is a generous collection of old beliefs, saws, fables, signs and legends, which have to a great extent been generally forgotten, and come to us now with all the value of the obsolete and obsolescent. It is a thrilling collection: in it are awful auguries of ravens and crows, of baying dogs and ticking beetles; these are blended with less horrific beliefs as to the prophetic habits and doings of birds and animals, and superstitious explanations of some of their racial marks and traits; and these again are beautified by a mingling of such pretty fancies as the anxiety of the lady-bird when sung to of her burning home, the love of the nightingale for the rose, and so forth. Mr. Gibson's period of collecting must have been a time which antiquaries will envy him. It has led him among the sages and the poets, and into a past which is less hackneyed on this side than on the historic.

HONORIA'S PATCHWORK. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

With a loving knowledge of literature, a graceful fancy, a widely sympathetic heart and a sense of humour, the anonymous author of this volume has produced a "Patchwork" which reminds us more of "The Day-book of Bethia Hardacre" than anything we have read since that pleasing book was published. There is little garden-lore in this; but the large outlook on life, blended with the pretty, or amusing, or pathetic details of the home and the individual life, and the thoughts on books, are written with the intimate touch of one who loves nature and human nature both. Honoria has sisters who marry, and a man-friend and a woman-friend who love her, and human emotions seem to meander through the pages. We see the amber room where Honoria sits when she is indoors; we see her as a modern Lady of Shalott at work with the threads of life, some bright, some knotted, some quiet-coloured. Honoria possesses much of the charm of "Bethia," but has not the cynic touch of the earlier lady. Her character is perhaps rather more amiable and less distinct; her book is one to be kept on a near shelf.

AN INDIAN GARDEN. By Mrs. Henry Cooper Eggar. 7s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

An Indian garden book is a welcome variety, and Mrs. Eggar, even when she does wander away from her theme, does not discourse on philosophy and bi-metallism and such-like, as so many of our own garden-book writers were prone to do; she merely wanders to the house and gossips brightly and with anecdote of the ways of the native as he is in her service, and the ways of husband and friends in like case. The whole book is very fresh and informal, with many illustrations depicting the evolution of the garden, and the pleasure of the toilers in it.

D'ORDEL'S PANTECHNICON. Edited by Mark Sykes and Edmund Sandars. 1s. net. (Bickers.)

Prometheus D'Ordel's newest skit deals with the subject of cheap illustrated magazines. Mr. D'Ordel treats the matter exhaustively. He gives a luminous historical introduction, followed by full directions for the making of this luscious compound; he even shows how to do it by printing as a model one number of "Scragford's Farthing." We are sorry to think that we may not look forward to future numbers of "Scragford's," for its fiction is of no ordinary kind, and its illustrations arrest attention. The exciting serial is "The Missing Lynx," by D'Oothey Boyle. In fact the cheap magazine is an open book to D'Ordel, and he reveals all its secrets, from the framing of its page of contents to its attractive announcements for "our next issue." Readers of ——'s and ——'s and ——'s Magazines should not miss "Scragford's." No one who wants to laugh should miss "Scragford's." It should be in every home.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY. Painted by John Fulleylove, R.I. Described by Mrs. A. Murray Smith. 7s. 6d. net. (A. and C. Black.)

Artist and author have produced a very attractive guide book to the glories of the Abbey. Some of the illustrations are entirely successful, but the subject is one that does not readily lend itself to this popular form of pictorial reproduction. The greatest admirers of the three-colour process will not credit it with the power of suggesting satisfactorily the dim religious light of a cathedral interior. Mrs. Murray Smith discourses pleasantly on the history of the Abbey and on the "Tombs." It is to be regretted that she has tied her hands by adopting the outworn convention of seeming to conduct personally a band of very juvenile pilgrims to the shrine. Surely such guidance as the following was, to say the least, superfluous. "Southey and Coleridge are the next on the eastern wall, and we find their names familiar to all those who have toured in the Lake country, although few of their works are read now by the generality, save possibly Southey's 'Life of Nelson.' Campbell's bust is at the angle where we turn into Poets' Corner, and several of those around us call to mind his still popular poems, notably Hohenlinden and the Battle of the Baltic." Talk of this kind were enough to make the busts "animated" and squirm on their pedestals.

THE MIDDLE EASTERN QUESTION. By Valentine Chirol. 18s. net. (Murray.)

This work is based on Mr. Chirol's admirable letters to the *Times*, written in the course of his journey to and from the Coronation Durbar. It is perhaps the most important of the many recently published volumes which deal with the tendencies of Russian policy in Persia and Afghanistan. Mr. Chirol is gifted with a happy knack of rendering political problems clear and interesting to the reader.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE FORUM. By St. Clair Baddeley. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (G. Allen.)

The long and close delving in the places of the dead has by no means had a deadening effect upon Mr. St. Clair Baddeley, for his account of the excavations of the past six years in Rome, and their results, is fraught with interest, and even excitement. The more one reads, too, the more one recognises and approves the sound knowledge which is ever ready, on the spot, to decide, after careful examination, upon the period and date of the treasure brought to light. Cæsar's Rome is ancient, but there was a more ancient than Cæsar's, we must remember; and it is in these discoveries beneath discoveries that a great part of the interest to the excavator lies. To read this clear statement is to bring before the mind's eye more vividly than any descriptive account could bring, the teeming, everyday life of old Rome. When we read of the discovery of ritual vases, intact, placed in the inaugural pit by Domitian himself; when we see, in the illustration, the actual wear and tear of wagon wheels under

Photo J. J. Stead.

Ellen Nussey (Caroline Helstone of "Shirley").

"Her shape suited her age; it was girlish, light and pliant; every curve was neat, every limb proportionate; her face was expressive and gentle; her eyes were handsome, and gifted at times with a winning beam that stole into the heart, with a language that spoke softly to the affections. Her mouth was very pretty; she had a delicate skin, and a fine flow of brown hair, which she knew how to arrange with taste; curls became her, and she possessed them in picturesque profusion."—"Shirley."

Photo J. J. Stead.

Kirklees Hall (The Nunnely Hall of "Shirley").

"The village of Nunnely has been alluded to: its old church, its forest, its monastic ruins. It had also its Hall, called the Priory—an older, a larger, a more lordly abode than any Briarfield or Whinbury owned; and, what is more, it had its man of title—its baronet, which neither Briarfield nor Whinbury could boast. This possession—its proudest and most prized—had for years been nominal only: the present baronet, a young man hitherto resident in a distant province, was unknown on his Yorkshire estate."—"Shirley."

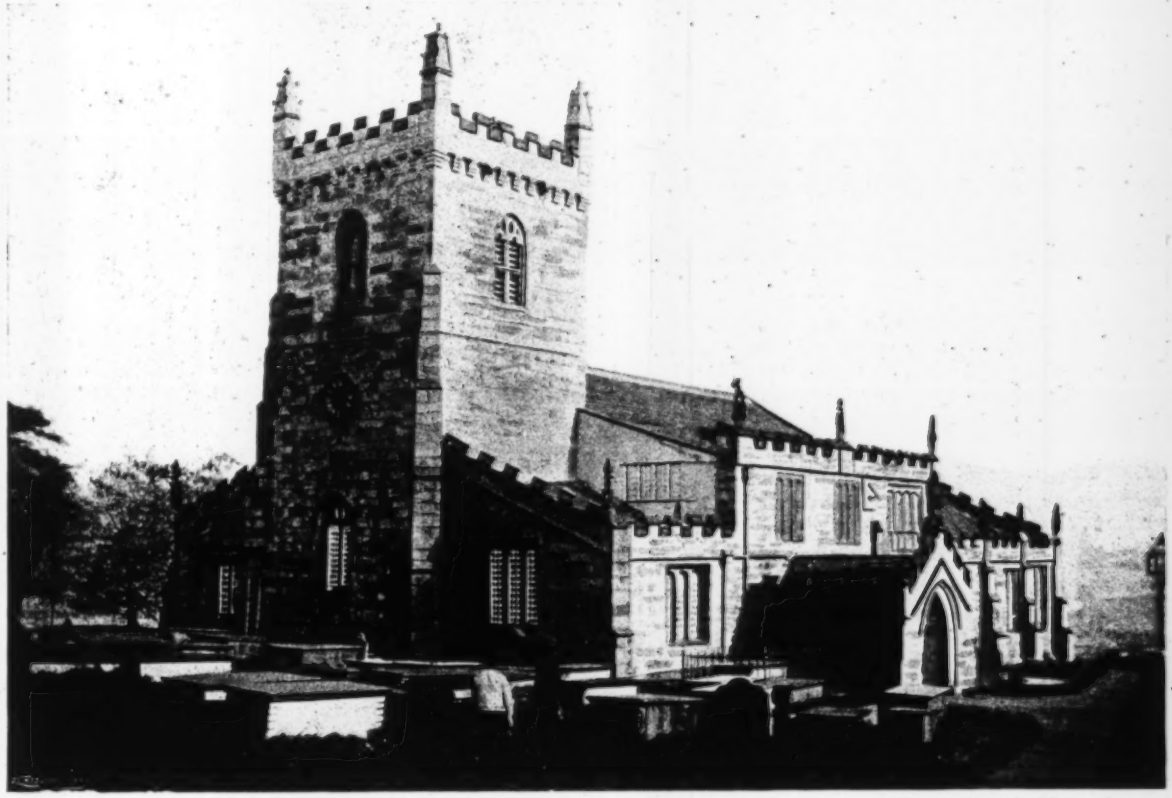

Photo J. J. Stead.

Birstall Old Church.

The Briarfield Church of "Shirley," where Martin Yorke hoped to meet Catherine Helstone.

"This wild morning not one affluent family attended, not one carriage party appeared—all the lined and cushioned pews were empty; only on the bare oaken seats sat ranged the gray-haired elders and feeble paupers.

"'I'll scorn her if she doesn't come,' muttered Martin shortly and savagely to himself.

"The Rector's shovel-hat had passed the porch. Mr. Helstone and his clerk were in the vestry.

"The bells ceased—the reading desk was filled—the doors were closed—the service commenced; void stood the Rectory pew; she was not there. Martin scorned her."—"Shirley."

Photo J. J. Stead. **Anne Brontë's Grave in the Churchyard at Scarborough.**

Anne Brontë died at Scarborough on May 28th, 1849.

"She had no preference for place. She thought not of the grave, for that is but the body's gaol, but of all that is beyond it. Her remains rest

"'Where the south sun warms the now dear sod,
Where the ocean billows lave and strike the steep and turf-covered rock.'"

—Miss Nussey's description of Anne Brontë's death.

the arch of Titus; when we see the laurels yet growing by the Regia, the romantic, human side of the matter comes very strongly before us, and rivals our enthusiasms as antiquaries and historians. To those who do not care for the romance let us add that the work in and about the Forum is most admirably and technically described here, and the great labour done is a fine example of intelligence and care.

OXFORD: Painted by John Fulleylove, R.I., and described by Edward Thomas. 20s. net. (A. and C. Black.)

To transfer to canvas the charm of Oxford is a task that might well daunt the most ambitious painter. To catch the glory of Magdalen Tower seen across the golden haze of a summer evening, to reflect the academic calm of the Exeter gardens, or mirror the kaleidoscope of colour in Christchurch Meadows during Eights Week—what would not the Oxford man give to a painter who could achieve that? So much goes to make up the charm of a historic city, so many associations, so much romance, that the artist is prevented by the limitations of his medium from more than suggesting the secret of its abiding charm. It is no discredit to Mr. Fulleylove that he has not attained the impossible. Rather it is to his credit that he has produced a series of sketches which are a delightful reminder of the city which must ever be to all Oxford men the most beautiful in the world. In his interiors Mr. Fulleylove is completely successful; indeed nothing could be better than the picture of Duke Humphrey's Library. Elsewhere the effect is somewhat marred by the deep blue of the skies. Oxford looks strange under an Italian sky. The colour of the stone work, too, is not always correct. The prevailing tone of Oxford is grey, and the crumbling stone never has the ruddy brown hue, even under the midsummer sun, that it has in some of Mr. Fulleylove's sketches. The artist is infinitely more successful when he forgets Italy and paints Oxford in more sombre colours, as in his perfect rendering of the Garden of the Master of University College. The reproduction is perfect, and is indeed the high-water mark of colour printing. Mr. Thomas performs the somewhat thankless task of providing reading matter with success. He makes no attempt to "write up" to the pictures, and chats about Oxford with graceful garrulity.

Notes on New Books.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

One of the cleverest and most original books which has appeared yet this season is **The Grey World**, by Evelyn Underhill (6s.), in which the author follows the soul of a little street boy after it has risen from the dead body left on the hospital bed. With artistry and skill she depicts his sojourn among the melancholy company of the hovering spirit world, which lasts till, after a yearning ache for freedom from this, he returns to this world as a child of well-to-do persons. The life which follows is so real in Miss Underhill's book that it comes at times almost as an explanation of those unaccountable members who grow up in normal families—the person who is accounted "odd," or a poet, or a genius. The strange past partly lives in this child's memory, and Miss Underhill makes of her tale a distinguished piece of work with an underlying lesson.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL.

Mr. H. C. Bailey has telegraphed an able and absorbing novel called **Rimingtons** (6s.) As it stands it runs to three hundred and twenty pages; had it not been telegraphed (so to speak) it would have made quite a long book. By a severe discarding of words, Mr. Bailey acquires an incisive style which suits this story of young Oxford men, gentlemen all, and their work in life and their loves. There is genuine characterisation in the book. Dick and Ethel are hero and heroine to be proud of, in spite of the fact that she is often lacking in faith, and he in admirable courses; and in spite of its occasional freedom of expression, "Rimingtons" is a book to raise the standard of behaviour as well as to entertain.

MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO.

The ripplings of **Reginald** (2s. 6d. net), the amiable, slightly decadent young pessimist, who has, by the pen of "Saki," bright-

Photo J. J. Stead. **Grave of Charlotte Brontë in Haworth Church.**

Charlotte Brontë died on March 31st, 1855.

"But one more of that generation—the last of that nursery of six little motherless children—was yet to follow, before the survivor, the childless and widowed father, found his rest. On another tablet, below the first, the following record has been added to that mournful list:—

"'Adjoining lie the remains of
CHARLOTTE, Wife
of the
Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, A.B.,
and daughter of the Rev. P. Brontë, A.B., Incumbent.
She died March 31st, 1855, in the 39th
year of her age.'"

—Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë."

ened the columns of the *Westminster Gazette* in the past, are now offered in book form. Reginald has tolerant—or otherwise—views on most matters, and he is good enough to prattle about them just long enough to be amusing and no worse. He is epigrammatic and he is flippant, and "in his wildest lapses into veracity he never admits to being more than twenty-two." So his opinions are morning-dew-like in their freshness; and though he may not shine so luminously on the subjects of "Tariffs" or "Innocence," on a "Rubaiyat" or a "Peace Poem," he is rather great. "Longfellow at his best wrote nothing like it."

The Happy Valley (6s.) lies in Norway. Mrs. Joan Valdy owns some miles of fishing there, and takes to it those anomalies, "paying guests," each summer. This is background, but to have any idea of the mingled delights of Mrs. B. M. Croker's latest book one must read it. For here is real Norway, off the beaten track, too; here are fishing, fishing-lore, and the real history of daily life among a small party in a well-organised fishing-lodge; and here are varied love themes, all shaped and helped by a Miss Bosworth, who is god in the car indeed. Mrs. Croker has the gift of putting "just life" between covers, with a finish and a sparkle added which life too often lacks. We anticipate happy success for this happy chronicle.

Such quiet, capable work as that of Mr. W. E. Norris in **Nigel's Vocation** (6s.) is a sincere pleasure after some of the turgid and shocking specimens which meet the reviewer's eye each month. Nigel, the young Roman Catholic novice, hoping to be allowed to take his vows, is unexpectedly thrown out into the world again. The men and women he meets are clever in their several ways, and the development of the young man's story is subtly, sometimes humorously, carried out. Mr. Norris pretends to be unsympathetic in the matter of Ethel Dallison, and he writes coldly of her, but his effect on the reader is more kindly than are his words, so perhaps this is subtlety too. A restful book.

MESSRS. GREENING AND CO.

The ways of schoolboys may not all be beautiful, but they are, as a rule, varied; and Mr. Tyson Stubbs in **My Chums at School** (6s.) enlarges upon some few scores which will prove an initiation to any young gentleman just starting on his school life. The volume is a mixture of gossip and story; a little what we call "realistic" in wording at times, but obviously first-hand as to experiences, joys, and retribution.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

Uncertain points regarding Petrarch's Laura have been carefully, one might say lovingly, searched into and pondered over by Mr. Edmund James Mills, with the result that we have in **The Secret of Petrarch** (12s. net) an explanation and account of most details connected with her birth, life and death. The second part of the book is devoted to poetic expression of the love of Petrarch and Laura. This is dignified, graceful and melodious. A volume for use and pleasure.

The ability to place herself back in a past century is well possessed by Amelia E. Barr. She does not write as a student of a certain period, but as one who walks and talks, lives and thinks in it. **The Black Shilling** (6s.) is both an interesting proof of this power and a story to thrill and melt by its force and pathos. It deals with the eighteenth century in America when men and women were persecuted for witchcraft, and Cotton Mather, the great preacher, came into their midst. It is a quietly gripping book.

The old, much-argued theme of the injustice of the Boer war comes into Mr. Silas Hocking's new book, **Meadowsweet and Rue** (6s.). Mr. Hocking feels strongly on the subject of the behaviour of some "Christians" in South Africa. His story appears to be something of an exaggeration in parts, but that, perhaps, is allowable in fiction, when an author wishes to drive home the point of a wrong. It is a well-planned story, at any rate, and bound to prove widely interesting.

MESSRS. JARROLD AND SONS.

A new writer, Etta Buchanan Bennett, has arisen to help to provide for that very large public, "the young person." In **A Scottish Bluebell** (3s. 6d.) there is nothing to call the blush to the cheek; there is, instead, a full, homely story, such as girls love, of the joys and trials, and vicissitudes and triumphs of Marjorie Lindsay, who became, at long last, the wife of a baronet, the man of her heart. The scene is laid in Scotland, and the writer is sympathetic both with nature and humanity.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

That much-regretted bookman, W. Davenport Adams, will receive posthumous gratitude from a wide public, on account of his long-toiled-at work, **A Dictionary of the Drama** (10s. 6d. net), the first volume of which, A to G, is just issued. The second volume, which will complete the work, will soon be available, and the two will form a reference book indispensable to all connected with the stage, and a concise history invaluable to all interested in drama. Not only plays, but performers, prominent characters, dramatic subjects, authors, managers, and playhouses are chronicled here; and the compiler's sound knowledge of books and men is everywhere apparent.

Shop-girls and Harvard students are the chief persons in Mr. Edward F. Harkins's novel, **The Schemers** (6s.), and a new side of American life is forcibly shown to us. A Boston store, with its counters, its servers, and its customers, is a busy, engrossing scene, but there are tricks and manners and temptations in it not usually guessed at by the English reader. In this story, however, there is characterisation which takes precedence of all else in the book; and the development of the character of one young girl set in the hitherto unknown surroundings of a fashionable "store," is a careful outcome of a close study of modern conditions and their influence.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Mrs. Meade has the talent for manipulating an adventurous plot so gently that it comes forth for the reading public a "wholesome tale of domestic interest" as well as an exciting story. This she has done successfully in **The Adventures of Miranda** (6s.), leading a beautiful, vivacious girl through a dark shadow of doubt and mystery, and landing her finally within measurable distance of the hymeneal altar.

Corporal-Major Ferrers, of the "Blues," found it difficult to convince various persons that he was not called Dawlish. Dawlish, be it understood, was by no means an admirable person. In **A Soldier and a Gentleman** (6s.) the strong pen of the late Mr. J. MacLaren Cobban used the idea of confused identity in an unhackneyed manner and with success. Dawlish had been in Egypt, and he disappeared when Hicks Pasha's army was smashed up by the Mahdi. Ferrers, also in Egypt, was one of the heroes of Khartoum two years later. Dawlish left an ugly story and a lovely sister. Ferrers has trouble with both. The book is somewhat unequal in merit, but it is a manly tale of men's affairs.

In the Red Dawn (6s.), by J. E. Muddock, is a tale of kidnapped children and subsequent intricacies and revelations. From a newspaper criticism of a former novel by this author, "Sweet 'Doll' of Haddon Hall," we learn that "Mr. Muddock again and again shows himself a master craftsman." That is not so noticeable in this book. We think Mr. Muddock must be at his best when dealing with historic personages and an acknowledged plot. The construction of the present story, and its presentment, are rather muddled and crude.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

Times have changed, of course, and domestic stories to-day have not the charm of intimate revelation belonging to those written when travel was a rarer luxury. Notwithstanding this, as a modern story of an English girl's life and love in a German town, **Love's Sacrifice,** by Mary Bradford Whiting (2s.), is a sympathetic description of a forsaken young governess and her hospitable German rescuers, with little touches displaying strong and weak points of both countries' ways and manners. A wholesome, natural story, in which girls will feel thoroughly interested and at home.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON AND CO.

The incorrect verdict of a heart specialist has given the novelist his opportunity more than once, but Miss Ellen A. Smith uses the motive with intelligent power in her new story, **In Her Own Way** (6s.). The slow unfolding of the life of the newly-rich but doomed woman seeking to atone for her father's dishonesty, and the resentful rejection of the attentions by the unbending doctor settled in a lawless community in the Black Country, are impressively delineated. Sympathy sways from one to the other, and the book beguiles by the apparent artlessness which is cleverly sustained.

A new writer, Miss Winifred Crispe, tells, in the first person, of a curious, psychological situation which produces an emotional love-story, **Snares** (6s.). Ethelwynne Drake, a woman of thirty, lives with her dearest friend and her dearest friend's husband, Sir Nigel and Lady Estcourt. A diabolically clever man, Dr. Noel, loved Lady Estcourt before her marriage, but "he never told his love," for several reasons. After the marriage, however, he conceives the upsetting little plan of alienating husband and wife, and drawing together husband and wife's friend, all by hypnotic suggestion. Things happen; and readers who like introspective, morbid books attractively set before them will find this one of unreality written with seriousness and understanding.

It is an uncommon story which Miss Ada Cambridge gives us in **Sisters** (6s.)—a sort of diary and account of a big family living at an Australian station, not far from Melbourne. The first chapter is a tragic little idyll concerning the fifteen minutes' crossing of Guthrie Carey, his pretty child-wife and baby, in a launch from Sandridge to the new home waiting for them, a home which only two of the three were destined to see. Guthrie Carey about a year later enters into the lives of the sisters; and from that time these sisters are the theme. A beautiful, sometimes joyful, sometimes tragic theme. There are occasional jerks in the composition of this picture of Australian life and men and women, but it is a fine, detailed, fascinating piece of writing.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND CO.

A capital book of its sort, one deserving the word "romance" in the modern sense, is **The Custodian,** by Archibald Eyre (6s). Mr. Eyre is always fresh and brisk, and whether his hero is in good temper or bad, his reader is always satisfied. The hero of this romance is very snappy to begin with, and with cause, poor man, for he did suffer long owing to a nasty mistake. However, he handled the affairs of a foreign duchy and won a princess in the end, so he had his compensations. A book to brighten a dull day—and even beguile upon a bright one.

Ten of Mrs. L. T. Meade's stories (those thrilling, extraordinary plots in which she is assisted by Mr. Robert Eustace being among these) are included in the new volume, **The Oracle of Maddox Street** (5s.). Mrs. Meade does not pretend to "style" or "preciosity" of expression, but having strong enough plot to arrest interest, she writes her stories simply and without decoration, never weakening her theme by over-elaboration. Her many admirers will easily be absorbed in the experiences of the lady-palmist who is the "oracle."

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

There are just a few—all too few—authors to whom we look for a gay irresponsibility, a moderated flippancy of writing. Mr. Thomas Cobb is one, and **Mrs. Belfort's Stratagem** (6s.) is an example of it. It is not that he discards all the deeper emotions; he does not. But there is an airy touch, a man-of-the-world attitude in his dealings with his puppets, which allows one to read of stress and storm in human nature without being at all exhausted. Mrs. Belfort, a

really good woman, cornered a young man for her daughter's sake, and the young man succumbed. We think the beginning of the capitulation was unnaturally swift; but there—Mr. Cobb knew his man, and we have only to enjoy the result.

MR. SIDNEY APPLETON.

Another author who can write with a semi-flippant touch "an he chooses," is Mr. St. John Lucas, and he has chosen in **The Florentine Chair** (3s. 6d.), a chair which held a very superior lady at one time and a very inferior lady at another, as models for the sculptor's art. The sculptor was not a bad fellow in the main, but he suffered from impressionableness and an impulsive nature. As a matter of course, his friends suffered also, including the superior lady and her excellent lover. Now and again we are tempted to agree with the hero when he says inwardly, of himself, "What *beastly* rot you are talking." But on the whole the dialogue is fresh and amusing, and the book a genuine relief from dull care.

MESSRS. DIGBY, LONG AND CO.

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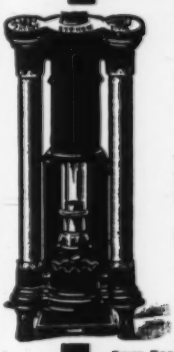

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